

PUNCH AUGUST 30 1961

VOL. CCXLI

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Punch

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Painted by Leonard Rosoman

Shell guide to LEICESTERSHIRE



A cheerful midmost county of wolds, vales, grassland, fox coverts (and of famous hums including the Quorn and the Belvoir); of width, undulation and large skies, of fine churches, such as the one at Melton Mowbray (1), fine country houses and eighteenth-century farmhouses — a county long settled and humanized, which has made a mixed, substantial contribution to English life. Note by the roadside the Roman milestone (2) inscribed to the Emperor Hadrian, which was found on the Fosse Way, and is now in the museum at Leicester, itself a Roman city, once the tribal capital called Ratae Coritanorum, now the factory city of everything from cardigans to silk stockings, shoes to typewriters.

By contrast Leicestershire is where the great farmer, Robert Bakewell (3) (1725-95) of Dishley Grange, near Loughborough, bred new strains of cattle and sheep, his New Leicester sheep (4) giving England "two pounds of mutton where it had had one before"; it is the county of the melt-in-the-mouth pork pies (5) associated (the pun is unintentional) with Melton Mowbray, and of that best of hard cheeses, the Stilton (6) — named, it is true, after Stilton on the Great North Road in nearby Huntingdonshire (where the cheeses were sold at the Bell Inn in the eighteenth century), but developed and still made in Leicestershire. The Stilton may actually have been invented at Kirby Bellars, in the seventeenth century. As for other eminent men and events, a crown was fought for and won at Bosworth Field on 22 August, 1485, and among Leicestershire's natives have also been the reformer, Hugh Latimer, a farmer's son (born at Thurcaston, about 1485), William Lilly, the astrologer, another farmer's son (born at Diseworth in 1602), Macaulay, the historian (born at Rothley Temple near Thurcaston in 1800), and Wordsworth's friend, Sir George Beaumont (1753-1827), of Coleorton, one of the founders of the National Gallery.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, at \$2.00.

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Reed Paper Group's growth into world markets

Now a Roman piazza is next door

An Italian street market—picturesque, but fast disappearing as the most rapidly developing member of the Common Market turns to modern marketing methods. The new supermarkets demand modern packaging which the Reed Paper Group is supplying in ever-increasing volume through its new Italian partners.



A VITAL FOOTHOLD FOR THE REED PAPER GROUP IN THE COMMON MARKET

—that is the outcome of the Group's new partnership with La Centrale Finanziaria Generale S.p.A. of Milan, with whom it has set up a holding company, SICAR S.p.A. Already SICAR has acquired a controlling interest in a major packaging business, now renamed Rexim-Bugnone S.p.A., and is building a carton board mill in Southern Italy.

The challenge of the Common Market's 170 million people has sent Italian industrial output soaring. Production has increased faster than any other member of the Six. In line with this exciting trend, the Italian paper and board industry is growing at the rate of 12% a year.

The Italian today uses on average only 60 lb of paper and paper products compared with the 140 lb of his cousins in the rest of the Common Market, and the 224 lb in the United

Kingdom. Thus the growth potential is enormous; indeed demand may well double in ten years.

This new partnership in Italy is typical of the global pattern of expansion of the Reed Paper Group. A £37 million transaction last year brought three Canadian companies—Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., the Dryden Paper Co. Ltd., and the Gulf Pulp and Paper Co.—into the Group. Other developments include a £2½ million pulp and paper mill under construction in Norway and a £2 million packaging organisation operating throughout Australia.

To each of these partnerships, the Reed Paper Group brings its vast technical, research and production experience. Each member company, for its part, makes full use of its knowledge of local conditions and markets.

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an English supermarket

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indommon Market. The next few years will see new enterprises
started and existing projects developed further as part of the
group's efforts to expand and diversify its activities in this
country and all over the world.

*For a copy of "Reed in the World," an illustrated account of the
activities of the Reed Paper Group, please write to:- Reed Paper
Group, Group Publicity Department, Blackfriars House, New
Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.*

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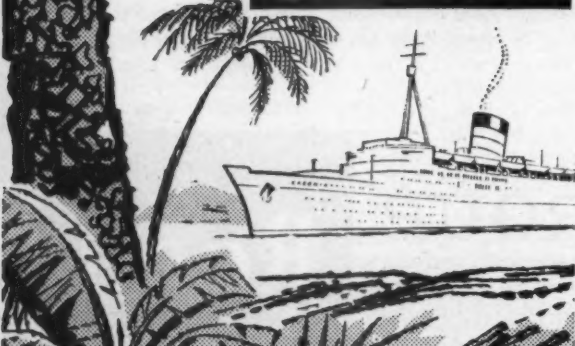
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All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

As You Like It (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. (Repertory). (12/7/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Strand)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

The Kitchen (Royal Court)—new play by Arnold Wesker. (5/7/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville)—new revue, noticed this week.

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anne Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)

The Age War



HARO

NOWADAYS age is probably as important as class in determining how people talk, how they dress and how they look at life. Of course there has always been a certain amount of friction between young and old, and both enjoy the martyrdom of being slightly misunderstood. But we are now approaching a complete breakdown in communication between age-groups. A very refreshing thing about *The Observer* is that it frequently gives the points of view of both sides in the Age War. Bridget Colgan, for example, when she writes about avoiding frustrations in babies never forgets that parents get frustrated too. And a recent correspondence following the series "Miserable Married Women" included a tart lecture from a 7-year-old girl who thought that women should look after their children properly and try to love them, and if they are bored why did they have them in the first place?

Fads exposed

Somehow or other, *The Observer* seems to have posted spies in most of the age-cliques, and as soon as anything new happens, whether it's a major trend or a minor fad, back come intelligence reports that are informative, self-conscious and equally free from the stuffiness that plagues some ageing writers and the private intolerance that walls in some young ones.

Why did teenagers flock to buy music that sounds like a needle-scratchy dance record of the late twenties? What makes the staid and middle-aged rush lemming-like to Sunday afternoon tombola sessions? Both of these questions have recently been answered in *The Observer*.

Fogey's Defended

New waves and old guard meet hostilely but on reasonably equal terms in the review pages.

The Observer is generally among the first to notice new movements in writing, art and music. Yet recently Harold Nicolson published a spirited and witty defence of literary old-boyism.

More important, the atmosphere of the paper makes it possible for the different ages to talk freely and frankly about touchy subjects. They've just concluded a discussion on "Teens and sex" that was thoughtful, unsensational and very helpful as a basis for discussion.

Just for the way in which it helps you keep up with how the other age-half sees, *The Observer* is worth every penny of the sixpence it costs. But this isn't the only reason for taking it.

J.B.L.

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)

On the Brighter Side (Comedy)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)

One For The Pot (Whitehall)—new farce. (16/8/61)

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)

The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Richard II (Apollo)—August 30 to September 2, fine production by the Youth Theatre.

Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashing and dotty. (Repertory) (31/5/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. (Repertory) (23/8/61)

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

Sammy Davis, Jr. (Prince of Wales)—American entertainer, reviewed this week.

The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)

Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/51)

'Tis Pity She's a Whore (Mermaid)—new production.

Under Milk Wood (Lyric, Hammersmith)—Dylan Thomas takes the lid off a Welsh village.

Wildest Dreams (Vaudeville)—new Slade/Reynolds musical. (16/8/61)

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Belgrade Theatre, Coventry. **The Ghost Train**, by Arnold Ridley, until September 2.

Bromley Rep. **Murder at Quay Cottage**, by Simon Amberley, until September 2.

Ipswich Theatre, Ipswich. **Ring for Catty**, by Patrick Cargill and Jack Beale, until September 9.

Playhouse, Oxford. **Whiteman**, new play by Michael Picardie with music by Todd ("King Kong") Matshikiza, until September 9.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)

Ben Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

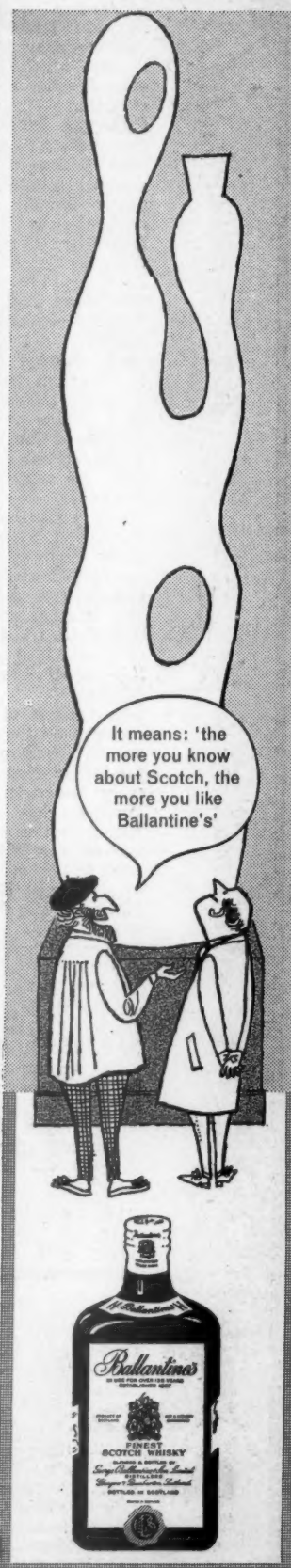
Breathless (Academy)—French (*A Bout de Souffle*): petty crook on the run, stealing, bashing, loving unpredictably. Very "new wave," but entertaining even for lowbrows. (19/7/61)

La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)

East of Eden (Warner)—Reissue: Steinbeck's modern (period 1917) adaptation of the Cain-Abel story, with James Dean. (20/7/55)

Eroica (Academy, late night show)—Polish: two separate stories (one amusing, one serious, both impressive) about the Warsaw Rising of 1944. (26/7/61)

CONTINUED ON PAGE VIII



CONTINUED FROM PAGE VII

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

Gone With the Wind (Coliseum—ends Sept. 3)—Back again after twenty-one years, and still effective.

Goodbye Again (Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

Infidelity (Cameo-Poly)—French (*L'Amant de Cinq Jours*): artificial comedy, uneven but with many good bits. (16/8/61)

The King and I (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (26/9/56)

Mein Kampf (International Film Theatre)—Nazism from rise to fall, shown in film from many countries including much hitherto unpublished from Germany. (19/4/61)

Moderato Cantabile, or Seven Days . . . Seven Nights (Paris-Pullman)—Peter Brook's French film: the story of a love-affair subtly implied. (19/7/61)

No, My Darling Daughter! (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Lifeless British sentimental comedy about the lively daughter (Juliet Mills) of a City tycoon (Michael Redgrave). (23/8/61)

Othello (Royal Festival Hall, Sundays till Sept. 10)—Russian; a ballet version.

The Parent Trap (Studio One)—Identical twins (Hayley Mills) reunite their separated parents. Sentimental, funny, ingeniously entertaining. (23/8/61)

The Queen of Spades (Royal Festival Hall, Sundays till Sept. 10)—Russian: pleasing colour film of Tchaikovsky's opera. (9/8/61)

La Récréation (Gala-Royal)—Françoise Sagan story: American girl (Jean Seberg) at school in Versailles has an affair with an older man. Rather obvious.

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinematic in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

The Trapp Family (Carlton)—Very sentimental story of the seven singing children of Baron Von Trapp. Dubbed.

Two Women (Continental and Ritz)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

SHOPS



From August 30 to September 14 **Maples** have an exhibition of original pictures and prints by English and foreign artists called "Background to Living." In the China department during these dates there is a special show of Royal Worcester China, including tea-sets, dinner-sets and boxed novelties. At **Heal's**, from August 30 to September 23, there is a display of Scandinavian carpets and rugs on the Exhibition floor. From September 2 to 30 **Harrod's** makes it "Fireside Leisure" time in their Central Hall, with various room settings and electrical appliances on show.

On August 31 and September 1 models at **Bentalls** of Kingston will show Jacquar fabrics

in Vogue patterns in the Tudor Restaurant from 12 to 2 pm, 3 to 5 pm. **Peter Jones** display dress materials for the week beginning September 4, and will also have a large selection of Rayne shoes. Norwegian style golfing shoes can be found at **Moss Bros**, while **Lillywhite's** are now selling a match set of golf clubs called "President."

For men, **Aquascutum** have up-to-date suede hats, with stitched snap brims, while new at **Hope Brothers** are suede jackets, shirt style. On the feminine side, at **Dickins & Jones**, are sequined jackets and skirts from Florence in the Evening Separate department. This store's latest line in accessories includes fox fur cuffs and collars, while **Fenwicks** concentrate on gold costume jewellery, French leather belts, and the new style berets.

Most recent gadgets include a battery-run electric drink mixer for cocktails from **Fortnum & Mason**, and at **Asprey's** a pencil-shaped telephone timing "dialler": as it dials the number it will also record time of call up to six minutes in the new pay-as-you-talk telephone system. Ladies are catered for by a specially produced gilt hour-glass.

MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet. August 30—September 2, *The Snow Maiden*. September 4—9, International Guest Artists Week. September 7, Birthday Gala, with Markova.

Albert Hall. Promenade Concerts, nightly at 7.30 pm.

Sadler's Wells. Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*, until September 9.



GALLERIES

Agnews. Old Masters under £200. **Arthur Jeffress.** At the Seaside. **Arts Council.** Stage Design in Britain since 1945. **Building Centre.** Exhibition of Mexican Architecture. **Colnaghi.** Drawings by Old Masters. **Gimpel Fils.** Josef Albers. **Grabowski.** Shanti Dave, Ferruccio Steffanutti. **Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood.** Romney. **Lefevre.** Contemporary paintings. **Leicester.** Artists of fame and promise. **Marlborough.** Aspects of 20th-century art. **McRoberts and Tunnard.** Italian and English paintings and sculpture. **New London.** New London Situation. **Reid.** Joseph Crawhall centenary exhibition (until September 2). **Tooths.** Corot to Picasso. **V. & A.** Kuniyoshi; Italian bronze statuettes.



RESTAURANT SELECTION

The symbol SM=standard meal, arbitrarily chosen as soup, steak, two vegetables, ice cream and coffee in order to give an approximate indication of prices.

Le Matelot, 49 Elizabeth St., SW1 (convenient for Victoria). Small, excellent food and inexpensive wine, keen service. Lunch, Monday to Friday; dinner every day; you must book (SLO 1038). SM, say £1.

Favas, 13 Frith St., W1. Very good Italian cooking at modest rates. Send out for wine or take your own. You can book (GER 7247) but it's not always necessary.

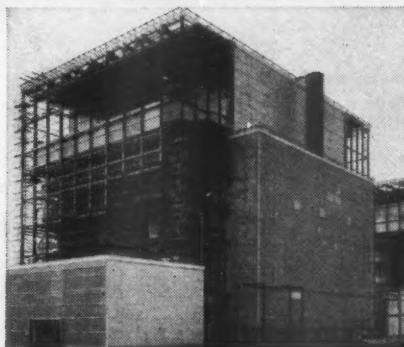




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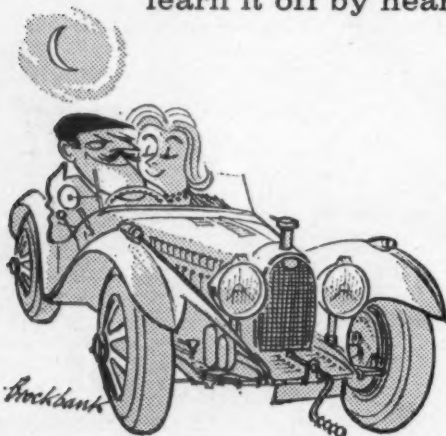
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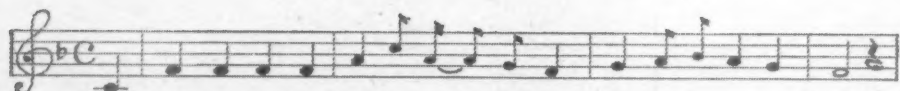
Racing-drivers chant it
as they line up at the start,



Driving-teachers make their pupils
learn it off by heart,



Sweethearts gently breathe it
when the time has come to part—



The Es - so sign means hap - py mo - tor - ing Call at the Es - so sign ... for



GOLDEN



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PUNCH

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Edited by
Bernard Hollowood

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*For overseas rates see page 336.



Charivaria

ON the morning after that Goya disappeared the *Daily Telegraph* gave it a hundred and three column inches, represented by pieces from John Owen, Terence Mullaly and four anonymous reporters, two paragraphs in London Day by Day, a picture and a plan of the National Gallery, both arrowed, and a detail from the painting. People not really mad about art theft news are saying that it might have been worse: the thing might have been pinched in Berlin.

Foiled Again

THAT was a poignant report from America about the man who left forty thousand dollars to a friend who had died before him. It's bad enough not being able to take it with you; when you can't leave it behind you either it begins to look like some sort of conspiracy.

Not What They Seem

THE Road Research Laboratory, after testing the legibility of road signs seen from a moving vehicle, conclude that lower-case lettering is favoured because it gives to place names a characteristic shape. Any driver who has rolled past a "Police Notice—NO



PARKING" sign and later realised that it was actually a private "Polite Notice" will know all about this, as well as that bogus parking attendant at Earls Court whose official-looking brassard reveals "Porter No 569" if inspected a little closer.

Still Funny

AFTER its Births and Marriages, and before its Deaths, *The Times* had an Adoption the other day. I thought at first that this ruined the old "Hatched, Matched and Dispatched" joke, but, of course, it only slips an "Attached" in.

New Defence

ARTIFICIAL respiration by breathing into the casualty's mouth has been in the news a lot lately. Before



long, after accidents, drivers will be claiming that if their breath smells of alcohol it must be the first aider's.

Dumb Friends

IT'S no good, try as I will, I cannot keep up with the ways of animal-lovers. Here is a lady who is so fond of her eight dogs that she proposes to have them mutilated by removal of their vocal cords, so that she can keep them around the house without complaints from the neighbours. If I were the vet approached about doing the job, I'd tell her that I'd be delighted to carry out her instructions on condition that she had her own vocal cords removed at the same time.

Caretaker Government

WHEN Jomo Kenyatta returned to his farm, he found that the Kenya Agricultural Department had enhanced its value by growing coffee and pineapples on it (thank goodness they did not try groundnuts). Supposing Jomo, as the *New Statesman* calls him, had



"I preferred you when you were just a culture snob."

been a newsagent and tobacconist, would the Government have worked up his paper round for him? Or, if he had been a hotel-keeper, would it have built an annexe to hold overflows of guests? It is good to know that others, besides authors, can make a good thing out of being locked up.

Spare the Rod

GR^{EAT} importance, I see, was attached by Kenyatta to the restoration, on his release, of his confiscated carved walking-stick with black elephant and silver shield. Such an emblem is often a potent aid to status, as with Neville Chamberlain's umbrella and the wand of office of another Prime Minister, of Mirth, George Robey, who



was so attached to his little whippy cane that he clasped it for comfort in his last hours. For real rodmanship pioneer Aaron's political example might inspire Kenyatta. When Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh and it became a serpent, Pharaoh, who seldom missed a trick, called on his resident magicians to repeat the rods-into-snakes enchantment. They did, but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods and it was only about ten plagues later that Pharaoh let the Israelites go.

Marianne Who?

THERE is something remarkably moving about the introduction of a bill into Congress (by Congressman Rossadair of Indiana) to legitimise the claim of the late Samuel Wilson of Troy, NY, to be the original Uncle Sam, especially as Senator Keating of New York is simultaneously busy campaigning on behalf of a totally different Samuel Wilson, also of Troy, NY. I suppose we are lucky in having a genuine tangible John Bull (composer and organist, b. 1563, d. 1628), especially as there are grounds for persuading ourselves that he wrote the music of the National Anthem.

Quench Thirsts or Flames?

I SEE an apocalyptic vision of a world seething under a wall of flame while frustrated firemen look on and mutter about what a way to run an economy. The dream springs from a complaint to the Board of Trade that pressure cylinders for carbon dioxide gas used in fire-fighting can't be got for export because they are being sent to publicans for the sale of pressurised beer. Nero merely fiddled, he had no keg bitter to drink while Rome burned, but this is not a south European problem; the wine drinking countries, unhampered by brewers' claims, are no doubt flooding the fire stations with equipment and laughing at the idea of Britain ever getting a foothold on this floor of the Common Market.

Now What?

I^NTENSIVE personal documentation remains a complication of modern travel, and few of us can resist the nervous periodic leafing-through of papers to see if we've got them all, and, if so, whether they are the right ones. A friend from New

Zealand sends us a bit of green card, recently incurred on a Tasman Airways flight, that niggled from take-off to touch down. "This," it said, "is not the luggage ticket described by Article 4 of the Warsaw Convention."

'Midst Pleasures and Palaces

S^O reliable a tear-jerker theme is the Poor Little Rich Girl, the linnet in the gilded cage, that any scenario writer who doesn't get cracking on *The Jimmy Greaves Story* isn't fit to run a bingo session or a bowling alley. This £15,000-a-year footballer with the £100,000 transfer fee was so homesick in Milan that he was granted a compassionate 48-hour leave on the eve of the opening of the season. When Chelsea tugs at the exile's heartstrings what has the garish glitter of Milan to offer? Whoever wakes in Chelsea in August now sees the Pensioners in their red coats and the Nelson in the King's Road, and you can keep La Scala, the Castello Sforzesco and the Biblioteca Ambrosiana.

Happy Ending

THE producer of *The Day of the Triffids*, a film of a novel that had a pretty gloomy ending, has said, "We don't want to put over any political message, so in our story civilisation triumphs." The equation of politics with tragedy, pessimism and gloom is a mistake we have all made in blue fits. But, when you come to think of it, politicians spend far more time improving things than messing them up, even if all the long debates on unspectacular reforms do get smaller space in the newspapers than more spectacular occasions. If civilisation does triumph, I should have thought that would have been a victory for politics. Anyhow, I wonder how the present Cabinet would deal with Triffids.

Useful Hint

W^{HEN} you fill in an application for a new passport, you have to complete a section which asks for "purposes of travel." As your passport may last you for ten years, this is clearly a difficult section to deal with. Last week when I had one of these forms to do, I just put purposes of travel: travel. No one seems to have objected so far.

— MR. PUNCH



"HOLD IT!"



PET AVERSIONS

7—THE THEATRE

By ALAN BRIEN

ALAN BRIEN, born 1925, served in RAF as air-gunner 1943-46, read English Literature at Oxford 1947-50. "Observer" television critic and "Evening Standard" film critic 1955-56. "Evening Standard" New York correspondent 1956-57, "Spectator" drama critic 1958-61, now "Sunday Telegraph" drama critic. Married with three children.

I AM paid to go to the theatre. I would still go if I wasn't paid. I would still go if I had to pay for my seats. But sometimes I think I ought to get "dirt money" like dockers who have to handle messy cargoes or miners who work dangerously cramped seams.

It is not seeing the plays which depresses me. It is going into the theatres. I believe that there is an ingrained, unspoken reluctance among the potential audiences to-day to suffer the discomforts, inconveniences and squalors which are now inseparable from this expensive pastime. And I do not blame them.

Theatre-going is always something of an elaborate expedition at the best of times. A visit to a play sets off in most people the same hysteria and panic which attends the planning of a holiday abroad with friends. You first of all have to find out what's on. This is made awkward for you at once by the secretive managerial habit of advertising plays in alphabetical order of theatres rather than titles. This is just as helpful as it would be if librarians indexed their books under the names of the publishers. Nobody goes up to the counter to say "I think I'll have a Gollancz this time" or "Why do the Macmillans always have unhappy endings?" But theatre-goers are expected to have their first loyalty to the theatre rather than the production.

Once you have settled on the name of the play, you have to try to remember whether this is really the play you think it is. As very few people can face the ordeal alone, this involves a great deal of confused discussion on the telephone. "Is that the one by Christopher Fry about Calvin or the one by John Osborne about Sir Thomas More?" "I don't think it could be a musical about sex-starved nuns, dear."

"George says if he has to choose between rabbis and priests he'd rather go to *My Fair Lady* again." "Look, if the Queen has been to see it twice, it must be fit for your mother."

This is only the preliminary build-up for the operation. Once you have sorted out a play conventional enough to meet a compromise of all tastes and brows, you have to fix a date far enough ahead to avoid all dinner parties and rival expeditions. Now it should simply be a question of getting the seats and waiting for the night.

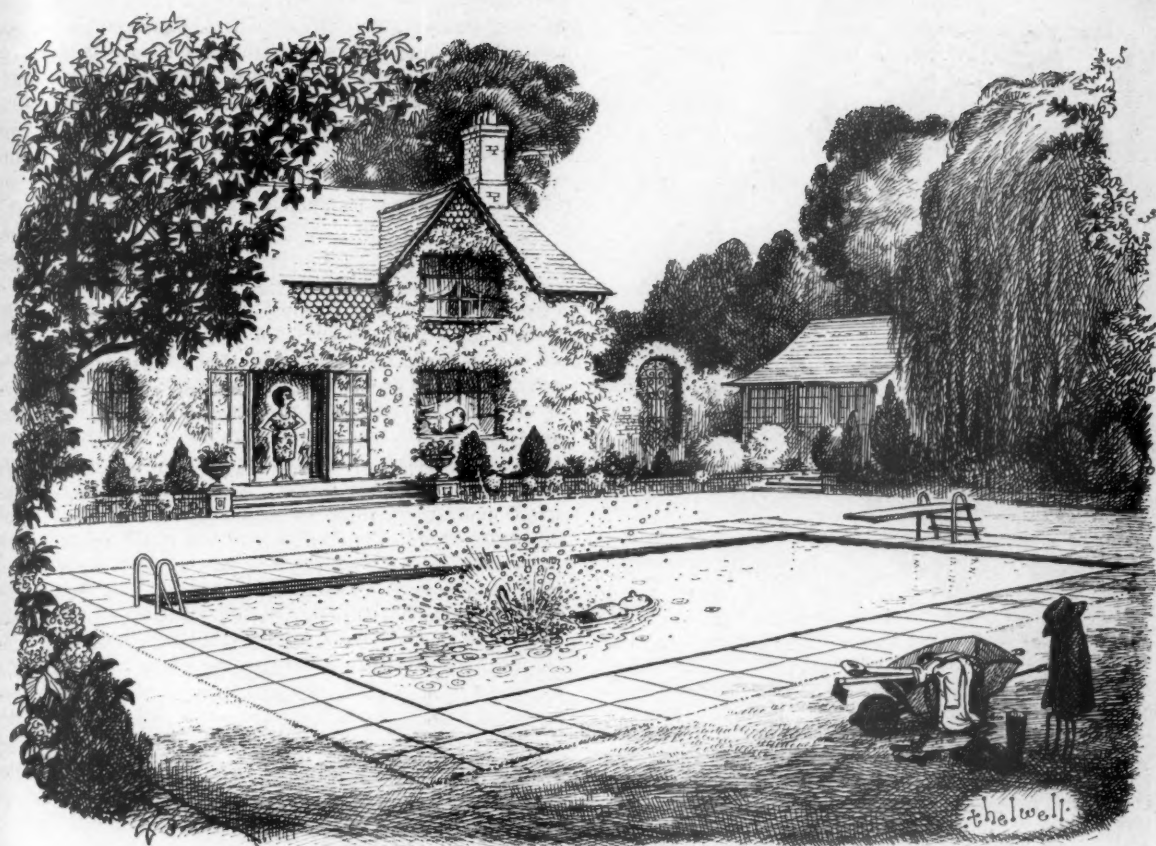
The older and richer hands at the game buy the tickets through an agent. It costs more in money but it is a great economy in nervous energy. Agents have invested capital in a risky venture and display a rather shifty eagerness to unload a share upon you. Whatever kind of play you want, they will always assure you that, by a happy coincidence, this is exactly that kind of play. Theatre box-offices usually behave as if they were reluctantly disposing of family heirlooms to undesirable newly-rich bores.

However unsuccessful the production, there are always six glowing quotes from critics on the hoardings outside and six somnambulant ticket-buyers ahead of you in the queue inside. Not one of the other customers will simply plank down the money and pick up an envelope. They are invariably negotiating free seats in conspiratorial whispers, or insisting on changing dates in indignant tones, or deciphering the house plan in painstaking detail. Every queue contains two foreigners who are baffled by the exact equivalent of a 15s. seat in zlotys. They are accompanied by several friends who correct their English grammar on unimportant points of detail. There is also the no-nonsense man from the North who fears that he is the victim of some metropolitan confidence trick and repeats every word the attendant utters as though testing it for double meanings.

Eventually you arrive at the barricaded sniping-post which protects the ticket snubs from raids by armed bandits and stoop down to insinuate your request through a tiny door in the foggy glass window. By this time you can only see the silver sausage curls on the top of the cashier's head as she grovels on the floor to answer the telephone. The telephone



"Threepence! I suppose that's your way of recognising a long tradition of unremitting loyalty and diligent service by a fine body of men with the interests of the travelling public ever to the forefront of their minds?"



"Charles, I wish you'd have another word with the gardener."

is always on the floor and she is well on into an elaborate explanation of the plot. If you had telephoned yourself, of course, she would have been too busy to answer.

But, at least, you have seats. Now the only piece of admin left to you is to shuffle your entire party because of last-minute desertions. Your long-awaited outing now consists entirely of friends of friends and relatives of relatives whose faces you cannot stand or whose names you cannot remember. Suddenly, you are late. Your husband has been delayed at work or your wife can find only one earring. You eat hastily and nastily somewhere near the theatre, being unwilling to face the complex logistics of discovering a restaurant open after 10.30 p.m. which will suit the other members of your platoon.

At last you are in the foyer among the gilt basket work, the barococo plastering, the dandruffed greenery and all the irritable people who turned up five minutes late for their party and have already been shuffling their feet on the marble for a quarter of an hour waiting for them. (Time is more relative and unpredictable in the theatre than anywhere else in space. If you arrive at 7.28, the curtain does not go up until 7.45. If you arrive at 7.40, the play started at 7.28.)

The professional theatre-goer has avoided these early troubles but now we are companions in misfortune and discomfort. We are puppets in the hands of that man in the old-fashioned dinner jacket with the glazed smile and the cheroot to whom no one is ever permitted to speak. We are slowly drained away down subterranean staircases while at the back of each mind a nervous little voice goes on crooning "Fire, fire, fire." We have ceased to be individuals out to enjoy ourselves and become jurymen convened for a mass Kafka trial. The stairs and corridors go on and on, patterned on the ground plan of some Minoan tomb. You remember the stories told by aged elders around the fireside of the men who stumbled on for miles through the red plush nightmare only to emerge white-haired and sobbing in a rainy alleyway three streets away.

The staff get scarcer and ruder as you get to the heart of the hot, mysterious catacomb. They have directed you down the wrong staircase so that you emerge at the farthest point in the auditorium from your seat. The stage is facing in an impossible direction. The usherettes are all walking off away from you. You must decide immediately how you are going to play the next move in the game. Are you to be the

"Hey!—Who's minding the hive?"



old Alhambra man from way back who knows exactly where he is sitting and leads his party there with all the certainty of a museum guide? Then you will be ambushed on the way by a man in gold braid who is obviously an unfrocked customs officer. He doubts whether you are in the right theatre, on the right night, on the right road, with the right people. Only the mumbled oaths of the customers behind you stops him from searching you for contraband copies of the first-night notices. He refuses to sell you a programme and waves you on with a vague spiralling of the left hand.

If you take the line that you are a newcomer, fresh to the delights of chandelier London, the smell of greaspaint, the hush before curtain, the magic of the footlights, then your ticket stub is thrust back into your hand as if it were contaminated and you are left alone. You trail twice round the

auditorium. You edge your way along a whole row, entirely on other people's toes, lambasted by programmes, stabbed with hat pins, singed with cigarettes, and emerge in the aisle exactly where you originally entered. You complain to the usherette. She looks exactly like the other usherette. But she is never the same usherette.

The theatre, you soon discover, has been designed for some vanished race of dwarfs with bat ears and hawk eyes. These early theatregoers had many capabilities which civilisation has eroded in us. They could see round pillars and through heads. They could catch a phrase bounced off the prompter and field an epigram lost in the orchestra pit. You are condemned to doing what you can with your enormous legs—usually folding them at a 90-degree angle to the stage and to your torso—and you begin a fight for at least one elbow rest. You control your breathing like a burglar for the slightest incautious expansion of the lungs will set up a creak which groans along the woodwork, earths itself through the iron legs, and releases a broken spring in the last seat in the row.

Unless you have never been in a theatre before, you do not expect to hear what anyone is saying on the stage for five or ten minutes. Gradually occasional words, snippets of dialogue, echoes of sound effects begin to filter through to you. But you are hard put to link them with the activity among the actors. "Tell Ada I've got her choc money on my tray." "No, you don't—that two coffee and biscuits is on my side." "Ethel, you got enough tonics for those whiskies, dear?" This Pinter cross-talk is syncopated with an occasional dropped tray, a rattle of coffee cups and cannonade of bottles. Some theatres, notably the Royal Court, have ingeniously designed lavatories with cisterns which are timed to flush juicily and refill lingeringly on their own whenever there is a quiet moment on the stage.

There is still not much point in attempting to settle down to the play for that traditional Old Theatreland ceremony—the arrival of the latecomers—has not yet taken place. Ah, here they are. All with seats in the middle of the row. All magnificently preserving the illusion that they are in an empty theatre. And there's the ritual fat man in charge still finishing his anecdote over one shoulder. His entrance is sometimes the most dramatic lighting effect of the evening as he sweeps back the jangling curtains from the corridor and stands silhouetted like the Michelin-man against the light-bulbs. Don't be taken in by the first seating of this party. Some tremendous significance is attached to who sits next to whom. And several changes have to take place before this is achieved.

Now there rises up the symphony of the coughs and a learned programme note (if most programmes ever had notes of any kind) could be written on how the staccato theme introduced in the front stalls will be counterpointed by a trio in the pit and lead up to a solo from some virtuoso of the trachea in the circle.

In the interval (the programme will usually not tell you how long this is and if it does give a time the management will ignore it) there is the ordeal of the bar. Even many veterans do not understand the purpose of these special pseudo-bars. Their sole purpose is to make you sorry you left your seat. In America, managements crudely eliminate the bar altogether, replacing it with a man who shouts "Get

your sickly orange drink here." We British are more subtle. Some people get served but usually only the boors and pushers and elbowers. However long the bar, there will never be more than two barmaids—one of whom arrives two minutes late. They have been specially chosen because of their complete lack of knowledge of how a real, or non-theatre, bar is organised. They have heard of only two drinks: a "short" and a "light ale." Both, of course, must be kept warm. An extra fiendish twist is to have a plastic egg-cup of ice which is never touched but melts quietly in the sight of men who faint with the heat and the crush.

At the Old Vic and at Sadler's Wells, the bar serves sandwiches, hot sausage rolls, cheese and coffee. This is probably why they are regarded as long-haired non-commercial enterprises by the orthodox theatre managers who carefully provide only chocolates with the softest, sweetest centres and the noisiest and most intractable wrappings.

No manager ever considers that his audience has often arrived sweaty and famished from a day's work. Few wash-rooms provide soap and towels. Many contain no hand basin at all. Only on occasional one seems to have worked out a simple, convenient way of permitting the audiences to leave their theatre. Either heavy iron doors begin to grind and clang and gales of fresh air (a non-existent commodity during the rest of the evening, naturally) blow toffee papers around your feet five minutes before the play is over. Or (as at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon) sturdy janissaries defend all exits, even to the point of holding customers by the arm, until the last curtain call.

All these complaints, I'm afraid, were old grouses when Bernard Shaw was a boy critic. I myself fire an annual salvo on the subject and many of my colleagues include an occasional brisk rattle of small-arms fire in their notices. But the West End theatre managements are as monolithic and neolithic as British Railways. Can it be wondered that audiences have a built-in reluctance to endure these conditions and search eagerly through the reviews to find a single denigratory sentence which will justify them staying at home?

[THE END]



"That Doctor Chalcott's writing again! Ah, well—on his own head be it."



The Gloire of the Loire

OF course, Eric, you can remember the Châteaux! Of course you can remember which is which! Blois, for instance, was where we got those gâteaux and ate them in those nettles in that ditch.

Azay le Rideau, now, was where we met Beatrice and her friend Miss Pigott-Brown. And Chinon surely no one could forget! Yes! It was where the plumbing let us down.

Don't tell me, Eric, you've forgotten Amboise? You simply loved that toile de jouy hotel; we had a scrumptious soufflé framed in framboises, and Mary dropped her hairslide down a well.

Chenonceaux? Wait a moment . . . let me see . . . I'm just a little hazy about that . . . Wasn't it where we bought that runny Brie, and met that very enterprising cat?

And as for Chambord, really Eric please! Your memory has got beyond a joke: for that is where we had that frightful crise with Madame and the mammoth artichoke!

Do try dear . . . show you have a *little* taste. The Châteaux, after all, are quite unique; and honestly, it does seem such a waste just to forget them all within a week.

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM

Waiters Are Tops Now

By H. F. ELLIS

THE intruder was not merely armed but shooting. "This is a hold-up," he cried, according to my newspaper, and without more ado fired a shot into the staircase. This was a sufficiently alarming irruption into a restaurant empty, at 11 p.m., save for three waiters busy preparing the tables for breakfast. And what did the waiters do? They did not vanish through the swing-door with a muffled "Back in a moment, sir!", or pretend to be flicking crumbs off the sideboard, or do any of the comic things that waiters are supposed to do when anxious not to be involved in anything unpleasant, such as serving soup. Waiter No. 1 promptly tackled the gunman and, when he struggled free and ran outside, at once pursued him, with Waiters 2 and 3 in train. It is much easier, really, to remain inside when a man with a gun has gone out. The intruder has been routed. Very well then. "I thought it my duty to inform the police without delay and accordingly went to the telephone"—who should first cast

a stone at any of the waiters, 1, 2 or 3, who had later made use of that well-tried phrase? But no. All three of these splendid waiters dashed outside, No. 1 attempted to snatch the raider's ignition key and was shot twice in the hand and arm, while Nos. 2 and 3 hurled bottles and a table at the retreating car. And there the matter, which one hopes will become *sub judice*, rests at present.

This affray on the Watford By-pass has impelled me into a reappraisal of the whole clan of waiters. Irrationally of course. The admirable conduct of three waiters in Hertfordshire has no bearing on their colleagues elsewhere; it does not make Gloucestershire waiters less glum or London waiters more prompt, nor does it automatically turn the waiters of Northumberland and East Anglia into paragons and perfectionists. But reason has nothing to do with prejudices, and the fact remains that a sudden warmth of affection for the profession has illuminated for me the shockingly scanty foundations of a lifetime's anti-waiter-

dom. The reversal of feeling is akin, in its different way, to that experienced when a mutual acquaintance, speaking of some third party whom one has criticised bitterly for the past five years, says casually "He spoke very highly of *you*, by the way." There is the same sensation of a drawing aside of obfuscating curtains, of heightened understanding, of an overdue insight into true worth. The difference lies mainly in the purer and loftier character of my change of heart about waiters. Personal gratification and complacency do not enter into the matter. No waiter, to my knowledge, has ever spoken highly of *me*.

If there have been within my experience inefficient waiters, surly waiters, waiters who brought sprouts when I ordered peas, rested piles of used plates on my table while chatting with a colleague, and showed little or no regret for grossly incorrect bills, have there not also, I now ask myself, been brisk waiters, kindly and patient waiters, cheerful, attentive, unobtrusive and



"I wonder if it isn't time for you to have a talk with her about taking up Judo?"

accurate waiters? Indeed there have. Is it not true that there have been occasions, many occasions, when the pleasure of a meal has been enhanced, the success of an evening almost guaranteed, by the waiter's extraordinary ability to enter, without familiarity, into the mood of the gathering, by the impression he so skilfully conveys that a nicer lot of people it has never been his privilege to serve? Looking back over the years, I seem to see at my elbow row upon row of smiling, welcoming—yes, damn it, glad and eager waiters. "Here," they are saying to themselves, as they flick out my napkin, "is the customer for me."

I am able to see life now, with my new and brighter vision, from the waiter's point of view. Speaking very broadly, and categorising unmercifully, if he is a hotel waiter the people with whom he has to deal are either on expense accounts or on holiday; if he works in a restaurant they are either on expense accounts or having an evening out. This bald statement of the obvious is in itself almost enough to inhibit criticism.

Reflect for a moment on up with what he has to put. The lordly air, the snapped finger and thumb, the casual vote for oysters, of those gruesomely affable business men, out of whose pockets, when the last brandy has been drained, will come not one ha'penny of their own money—nor, perhaps, of anyone else's, but only a ball-point with which to scrawl an oh-so-offhand, man of the world and salt of the earth signature. If you and I, sitting at our nearby table and counting the cost, find these roaring foursomes so irritating, how should we conduct ourselves if we had not merely to endure but to serve and cosset them? The waiter, pausing with his pencil raised while they idly scan the *à la carte* section (from which we have had to avert our eyes after one scandalised glance) or toss the menu down to exchange some schoolboy banter with Jack or Harry—the waiter must exude a special deference, glance appreciatively from face to face in case an outsider's admiration of their urbanity is desired, convey the impression that he has nothing else in the world to do but wait until Stephen has decided finally against poached salmon. These are the big spenders and must have the best.

"Mother, you're not my best girl any more."



Well, at least it will be a relief for the poor man when at last he is free to come to us, who will treat him with not less courtesy and consideration than we expect in return.

Or will it only be a change? In this new, intuitive, pro-waiter mood I begin to see that customers on holiday or out for the evening may not be an unqualified delight. I reflect with shame how often at the start of a holiday in the West Country, with a hundred miles or so already behind us, we have burst gaily into a coffee room at Mere or Shaftesbury, demanding breakfast with a "Goodness, we've deserved this" air that would not be out of place in a cosmonaut asking for a first cigarette. What rubbing of the hands! What a coffee-toast-eggs-and-bacon-the-lot attitude! 'Morning, waiter. Had this weather for long down here? He has ferried in sixty plates of eggs and bacon, very likely, and carted away the empties. Forty-five times he has brought fresh toast, more milk and coffee. "A little more milk, could we?" the women have all said, as though that somehow made it less trouble. How can he now appreciate to the full the importance of our own breakfast, the eagerness with which we await these his sixty-first, sixty-second, sixty-third and sixty-fourth deliveries? Yet how often, in my present retrospective mood, he seems to do so. He puts his offering down with an air. A mother pouring something out of a packet on a commercial hardly brings more beaming delight to the satisfaction of a hungry family. Excellent, indispensable waiter! See to it that you are still toiling away here next year, in case we need you again.

At lunchtime it will be the pleasure and privilege of another waiter to chime in happily with our holiday mood. At dinner, at the hotel, a gracious, willing welcome makes all the difference. A touch of glumness, a momentary failure to respond to our gay, unconventional approach would be inexcusable. See, he jokes. He pays a little compliment, quite respectful, to our daughter. Nice man! Bring us the cheese, and then so far as we are concerned you are free until 11 p.m. when it will be time to tackle gunmen and throw bottles through the windows of their cars.

Such then is my present assessment of waiters, so notable the effect that the gallantry of two or three can have upon one's opinion of the whole corps. But it works both ways of course. One surly waiter, a moment's inattention, the bringing of marrow instead of beans, may at any time, I fear, impel me into a re-appraisal.

In next week's PUNCH

BROCKBANK

contributes a three-page feature
on the SBAC show at

FARNBOROUGH

and a new series

THE BIRTH OF SAM BULL

investigating the Americanisation
of Britain, begins with an article
by

CYRIL RAY

on Food and Drink

Stethoscope an Advantage

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

"Doctor, 52, wants non-medical employment."
— The Times

DEAR DOCTOR,—My brother and I were most interested in your advertisement of even date, and feel that this old-established family concern may well have a suitable opening to offer. The name of Gallaby Brothers must be known to you as a respected one among wholesalers of plumbers' accessories (Bronze Medal, Porcelain Section, Brussels, 1888.)

Colonel Wishart Gallaby, my brother, is nominally Managing Director, and would have written, but is unfortunately incommoded by an ephemeral stomach disorder, probably nothing more serious than an excess of fatty acids entering the lymph channels, though there has

been talk of a minor malfunctioning of the gastric glands. I don't know whether this suggests ulcers to the trained medical mind? But in any case, that is by the way.

Other active partners in our firm are two ladies, the Mesdames Wishart and Bertram Gallaby, respectively the wives of my brother and myself. They deal jointly with the administrative work, health permitting. Mrs. Wishart Gallaby has been undergoing a course in automatic accounting and has found it rather a strain at her time of life, being in the late fifties and suffering, under stress, from the after-effects of a heart stenosis undertaken by a Dr. Ruggles, whom you may or may not know. All my instincts were against this operation at the time (1937), but I was obliged

to bow to expert opinion, and in any case was in a state of some anxiety about my own health just about then, owing to periodic onsets of what I can only describe as shallow breathing. The effect was somewhat alarming, beginning with a conviction that a really deep breath might endanger the lower tissue of the lungs, and leading to a quick, panting condition as seen in overheated dogs of the larger species. I came through successfully—no thanks, I may say, to my medical advisers, who were prone to pooh-pooh the symptoms. Though the state still occasionally recurs I am pleased to say that it interferes very little with my business functions, and if it is a question of my brother's staying at home with his stomach, or my doing so with my



"I've forgotten which tune we're improvising on."

lungs, I am generally the one who is at my desk (though unable, at these times, to conduct telephone calls of appreciable length).

Mrs. Bertram Gallaby, my own wife, is of good yeoman stock, I am grateful to say, and entirely sound in wind and limb. She is the executive supervisor of Dispatch.

The post we have in mind for you at Gallaby Brothers is that of Administrative Co-ordinator. It has long been a theory of mine that in a purely family concern there is a danger that domestic matters may intrude on what should be a purely business routine. As an example, a valuable order for shower-bath roses was lost early this spring owing to the calling of a Conference by my brother. It was at short notice, with no agenda pre-circulated, and I think the rest of us felt some impatience when the Colonel addressed us on the subject of enzymes which he had been reading up in *The Lancet*. He felt that the firm's canteen should take an altogether wider cognizance of the functions of pepsin, rennin, trypsin and amylase in the daily menus, and advanced the theory that recent retailers' complaints about taps arriving without washers was due to faulty alkaline juices among workers at the assembly bench. Please don't get the opinion that either myself or the lady executives dismissed the Colonel's views; indeed the discussion was lively, and ranged over the whole field of ergono-dietetics; but we discovered afterwards that a representative of the Greater Birmingham Housing Committee had been waiting in the outer office throughout, and had received no attention from our Order Clerk, Mr. Wainwright, who, as chance had it, was having one of his bouts of regional ileitis. The representative went away, and we shortly heard that the order had gone to Edelweiss, Richards and Blow—who presumably had *not*, as my wife remarked at the time, been having a more or less recreational discussion about carbohydrates (though I believe that both Edelweiss and Blow have to be kept permanently under the anti-histamines these days, if plumbers' wholesalers' gossip is to be believed).

Our feeling, therefore, Doctor, is that an *outside element* is ripe for introduction; and that you, as Administrative Co-ordinator, would fill the post ideally. Colonel and Mrs. Gallaby are entirely



"That's nothing! I've failed as a husband, father, father-in-law, grandfather, great grandfather . . ."

in agreement, which gives us a three-to-one majority on the Board. Indeed, I have no doubt that my own wife will also welcome the proposal, though she is not at the moment available for consultation owing to a passing indisposition with mild delusions. These, which pass without after-effects in the fullness of time, used to take the form of animals, usually wild, the puma being a frequently recurring form; recently, however—and we live in a mechanised age, after all—she has taken to fancying herself a machine of some sort, sometimes relatively simple and compact, such as a mechanical pencil-sharpener; at other times rather less manageable articles: bulldozers, monorail locomotives, and so on. I feel no serious alarm over these transmogrifications, which are usually amiable, though I have been wondering whether the installation of automatic accounting may have an altogether desirable effect. If she were to fancy herself a ledger-posting machine just as Mrs. Wishart Gallaby felt herself strong enough to start posting the ledgers we might well have *Korsakov's syndrome* on our hands. This would upset my brother's stomach, I feel sure, and might well bring my shallow breathing back.

However, none of these matters would in any way affect you, Doctor. Indeed, your very presence among us,

ensuring a maximum potential of productivity, would no doubt contribute to both our physical and mental well-being. I look forward to hearing from you, when we could perhaps discuss fees?

Yours faithfully,

BERTRAM LISTER GALLABY.

PS. If for sentimental reasons you are disinclined to dispose of your instruments we could easily find a corner for them in the Boardroom. Our medicine chest is already fairly comprehensively stocked.

Hymn No. 999

For a Service of Church Publicists

O PRAISE ye the Lord
And publicise Him!
Enhancing His Word
Where'er it seems dim.
Add brightness to rightness
And tell everyone
With jovial politeness
Religion is fun!

O praise ye the Lord
With market research
On why men are bored
With going to church.
In slogan and jingle
Rejoice and be glad!
O praise Him in single
And two column ad!

— PETER DICKINSON

Trumpets

By R. G. G. PRICE

IT cannot be too widely known that anything I say about trumpets is subject to correction.

I have never actually played the trumpet myself, because the trumpeters I have known have regarded loans as unhygienic and it has always seemed absurd to buy a trumpet on the off-chance that I should find I had a bent for the instrument. When I was a schoolmaster I suppose I could have confiscated a trumpet if one of my pupils had produced one in class and while in possession I should have been morally entitled to play it. The limits of what can decently be done with confiscations always puzzled me. Was I entitled to eat sweets seized from the back row? I *think* confiscation was a permanent deprivation and not merely a forced loan and that if, as usually happened, I gave the boy his property back at the end of the lesson this was, as it were, a re-grant of rights. But I might easily be wrong. The law of

property is a queer law and a long law and it is not the kind of thing they teach when training teachers.

I was certainly taught some pretty odd things at the University of London Institute of Education. I was taught how to make a model loom and the difference between primary and secondary education and how skill at dotting threw a favourable light on temperament; the dots moved increasingly fast in front of a Cellophane window and you had to poke them with an electric needle. Lord Eustace Percy had been very good at this and it was generally felt that his temperament was a beacon to us all. Lord Eustace would have known immediately how far a teacher of any grade was entitled to blow confiscated trumpets. So, I suppose, would Sir William Holdsworth, who was Vinerian Professor of English Law in my Oxford days. He had an extraordinary moustache which was connected with his face without being quite

part of it. The relationship was not unlike that found in outrigger canoes. I was told by a friend who went to his lectures that he would give a strong puff, the moustache would rise like some heavier-than-air machine, and he would try to get as many words out as possible before it settled. The force needed must have been considerable and he would obviously have made a fine trumpeter, if, as seems probable, lung-power is the essence of trumpeting.

It seems unlikely, however, that sheer brute bellows-strength is all. Finesse must surely come into it. After all, Mr. Humphrey Lyttelton is a trumpeter and one would hardly find an Old Etonian in any career that did not require finesse. Is a Wykehamist trumpeter conceivable? It is my haziness on points like these which makes me think that perhaps Nature did not really intend me for the trumpet. I do not know whether being virtually tone-deaf would prove a further handicap. I have only once hummed a tune aloud in such a way as to enable a companion to recognise it. It was an impression of the first scene of *Petrouchka* and Mr. Eric Westbrook, now the informing spirit of the new Melbourne Art Centre, claimed to have guessed it from my expression.

Mr. Eliot has often written about eagles and trumpets, though not suggesting, I think, that they played them. He has, indeed, referred to himself as an ageing eagle; but if he is also a trumpeter the fact has never got out into the gossip columns. Mr. James Robertson Justice likes training large birds but I have never seen, even in *Look*, any film of him training an eagle to play a musical instrument. *Prima facie* I should think Mr. Robertson Justice might be a trumpeter. Mr. Jimmy Edwards is more the trombonist type, liking to use arms as well as fingers; but if anybody offered to bet me he was also trumpet-prone I should not accept the wager. I cannot, by the way, emphasise sufficiently that no young schoolmaster should ever be lured into betting with his class, even for such non-financial stakes as a remission of prep. *Boys do not bet except on certainties.*

If I were a trumpeter, I should play two different kinds of tunes upon my instrument. I should play very, very loud tunes when in the mood in which



"But you've never said anything about being allergic to feathers."

I pose as an extrovert and very tricky tunes when wishing to convince myself of my mastery. I think I should generally play solo. Even when enjoying oneself, the presence of other musicians in the act makes for conforming. I see myself as the self-intoxicated type of trumpeter. I should improvise a good deal and also try trumpet-settings of compositions I had enjoyed in other media, like Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or the zither part in *The Third Man*. I might also try to revive that neglected form, the musical switch.

One limitation on trumpeting is that you can't sing the lyric yourself. This means getting a singer and the temptation to drown him with your gloriously powerful notes would surely prove irresistible. There are, of course, songs without words, Mendelssohn's for a start. But it would be nice to be able to have words when you felt like it. Pianists can have words if they feel like it and so, I imagine, can violinists, provided the words don't require jaw-movements that would dislodge the chinkerchief. Harpists? Glockenspielists? One simply does not know.

I always found in education that a frank confession of ignorance was unwise unless you knew your pupils well. The more thoughtful boy might be led to see that it strengthened the force of any statement made without apology; but the turbulent felt their parents were not getting their moneysworth. However, I do not think I can be expected to scrounge round the harp world for information before raising the question of harpists. There is a limit to the amount of first-hand research that can reasonably be demanded of a writing man. It is, after all, one of the functions of literature to raise questions, not merely to answer them.

In conclusion, may I point out, leaving it to others to explore the theological significance, that the end of the world is generally expected to be announced by the Last Trump and not by the Last Shawm?

☆

"There have been times when I used to follow a lonely White-eye in the forest singing lustily all the time, hopping from tree to tree, as though calling for a mate."

American Cage-Bird Magazine

That's no way to catch a White-eye.



"We consider the play which follows not only unsuitable for children but also for adults."

Ode on the Theft of the Duke of Wellington

I

BID farewell to the Great Duke
Whose acquisition we recently applauded,
Let us bid farewell to the Great Duke
With a vague sense of having been defrauded,
His saviours we regaled with praise
And now after not many days
He has been snatched away beneath their gaze.

II

When did they encompass the great man's fall?
Not from some distant and secluded wall,
Not from some vault, concealed beneath a pall,
But flat in the middle of the Central Hall.

III

So let us now say farewell to His Grace
Forgetting the Minister of Works' red face,
And wonder how those who took him from his place
Could manage thus to vanish without trace,
Leaving the Yard with one more unsolved case.

IV

Oh swift sleek car which no man saw,
Oh subtle exit through the Gallery door,
Oh iron nerve to aim for such a prize
So famous, precious and of such a size;
We praise their cheek even while we damn their eyes.

V

So now a mourning nation beats its breast,
Some for the loss of beauty once possessed,
But many, many more, be it confessed,
For a hundred and forty thousand quid gone west.

— ANTHONY JAY

The Man who Followed the Stars

By MICHAEL O'CONNOR

IT was during the trial of the Grub Street astrologists that the public first heard of the diary of Moron Gullible. The most serious charge against the astrologists was that they were attempting "through dabbings, sorceries, haruspication and other false means" to corrupt the citizens of the realm "against their own interests." On the tenth day of the trial, however, the judge asked a pertinent question. How was one to decide what was against the interests of the ordinary citizen? To answer this question counsel for the prosecution offered to produce "an average citizen, an ordinary man-in-the-street" as a special witness. That was how Moron Gullible came into the case.

Moron was asked to choose one astrologist and to examine his or her prognostications in the light of what eventually happened to him. Moron chose Madame Sososttris. He chose her, or him, mainly because he had been reading that column every day except Sunday for more years than he could remember. The judge directed that Moron should keep a diary for the week and that the court should adjourn until his evidence had been collected.

Through reading Madame Sososttris Moron had learnt a fair amount about

his astrological self. He entered these facts at the beginning of the diary. Moron Gullible, he wrote, was born in the fourth house of the first decanate of Taurus, and is ruled by Venus. Not particularly adaptable to changing circumstances and rather indolent. Strong desire for money, comfort and success, particularly at the expense of others.

After these succinct details of character the diary began. For each weekday the astrologist's predictions were noted, followed by the actual events of the day.

Monday. Madame Sososttris. If spending the day at home, away, or at work, be prepared for arguments with those above you, beneath you, or on your level. Beware of giving away money. Do not attempt anything strenuous.

Moron Gullible. Got up at eight. Had bacon and eggs, toast and marmalade and instant coffee for breakfast. Went to work on the usual train. Saw the usual people. Coffee at eleven. Lunch at one. Soup, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, potatoes and cabbage. Cabbage watery. Marmalade pudding not bad. Went home on the usual train. Had supper. Watched telly. Bed at eleven.

Tuesday. Sososttris. Beware of changing your opinions, or of losing your ideals because of what others think of you. You may have some difficulty with a superior which needs clearing up. Keep a tight fist in your pocket.

Gullible. Got up, breakfast, train, lunch, tea, supper and telly like Monday. Overheard Screw and Teeter talking about me. Screw told Teeter that I never did any work except write letters, which the secretary did anyway. He said it was a good way to make it look as though I worked hard because the boss read all the carbons. The boss asked me whether the papers he gave me over a month ago had gone through yet. Said they were on their way. Can't bear to be pushed. Phoned Jim about the chrysanthemums.

Wednesday. Sososttris. You may have a brilliant new idea. Keep it to yourself. Surrounding circumstances make it difficult to concentrate on the work in hand. Afternoon may favour some small personal indulgence.

Gullible. As before. Fell down the stairs on the way up to the office and sprained an ankle. Had to limp. Screw and Teeter sympathetic.



Hypocrites. Not able to do much work because it throbbed all day. Had a good lunch. Bought a box of chocolates and ate them in the office. Home to telly.

Thursday. Sosostris. Avoid neighbours. Be careful in whom you confide. If you take the initiative in any matter of your choosing you will be surprised at the results. Letters, messages and telephone calls may induce nervous strain.

Gullible. Train ten minutes late. New fellow in compartment sitting in Crosgrave's seat. Crosgrave was furious. So was I. Without Crosgrave I can never do the crossword. Nipped out at lunchtime to see "Some Like It Cool." Not bad shapes. Had a beer and a sandwich on the way back to the office. Screw and Teeter at it again. Get on my wick. Home to supper and telly. Good bag tonight: nine bodies in four hours.

Friday. Sosostris. Friends will be good company when you feel like being with them, but not when you do not. Take care of yourself, particularly in unforeseen circumstances. Avoid making promises. You may not be able to keep them.

Gullible. Crosgrave surprised me. Asked me to lend him a fiver. Nice chap, helps me with crossword, but wouldn't trust him further than I could throw a grand piano. Had plenty of notes in my wallet too. Feeling rather tired to-day. End of a heavy week. Fed up with writing diary. Takes too long at night.

Saturday. Sosostris. You benefit best by taking life quietly. Let others do all the work. No harm can come of a little amusement or relaxation particularly if you like doing it. Small matters may demand attention.

Gullible. Put in Jim's chrysanthemums. Thought of cutting the lawn but left it as it looked like rain, though it didn't. Elsie and the woman next door had a go-to about the branches of the pear tree. Kept out of the way. Met Jim for a drink in the evening. Lost at snooker. Finished diary. Glad that's over.

* * *

The following Monday Moron appeared in court with his diary, which he read out. The whole of Grub Street was present. When Moron had

finished, the whole court, led by the judge, burst into laughter until the tears rolled down their cheeks. Moron stood bewildered in the witness box. When the judge was finally able to control himself he directed that the case should be dismissed, with costs against the prosecution.

"There is absolutely no evidence," he said, "to show that the predictions of Madame Sosostris, read so avidly by Moron Gullible, have had any effect whatsoever upon his actions, or predicted them correctly in any way." Grub Street was jubilant. The only person who was angry was Moron Gullible. He wrote a stiff open letter to the judge saying that he had read Madame Sosostris for as many years as he could remember, and that he had never known her to be wrong.



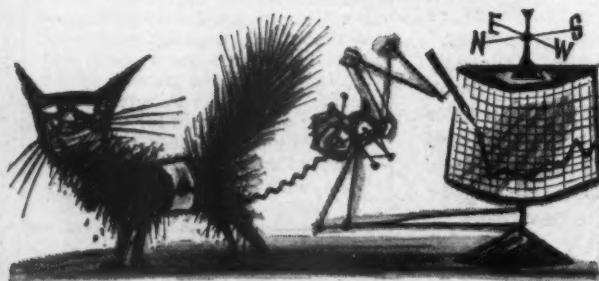
"... and the little brown bear lived happily ever after, six months with his mother and six months with his father."

BLACK MARK . . . No. 15

. . . for the shopkeeper who hasn't got what you want, having just sold it, but thinks to soften the blow by explaining how narrowly you've missed it, sometimes even accompanying you to the door and pointing out the customer walking away with what should by rights have been your parcel under his arm. Specimen dialogue. 1. (Right) "Have you one of those wire things for hanging plates on walls?" "Very sorry, sir, no." 2. (Wrong) "Have you . . . ?" etc. "Funny you should ask for one of those, sir. Couldn't have been more than five minutes ago I sold the last. Well, ten minutes at the outside. Stan! Five minutes, was it, that the gent come in for the plate-wire? Funny, because there's no demand for them in the general way. Then, not five minutes ago, this gent . . ." etc.

SCIENCE SURVEY

A Roundup of Some Recent Research *by our Scientific Correspondent*



BLINK RATE IN EDENTATA

By the use of a new quasi-automated computer, Drs. Pearl Griffin and Saki Onoto have found that the average blink rate in armadillo has a significant relation to food-gratification. No details of the apparatus used have been released at the time of going to press. In a filmed interview, Professor Hadden said that, though this was not his own field, he felt tremendously optimistic about the prospects of this line of research.

THE NEGATIVE POSITRON

After the discovery of the Positive Neutron, comes news of a Negative Positron from that veteran hunter of Atomic Particles, Dr. Reiner Hajiz. If found to exist in nature, it will be unique in having a half-life two-thirds of its full life. "At the moment," Dr. Hajiz said in his Alpine home, "it remains a purely mathematical concept; but I feel confident that, for an expenditure substantially less than that required to place a man on the Moon, an apparatus could be devised to provide experimental proof."

IS ICE HEAVIER THAN AIR?

The dropping of blocks of ice on houses below by passing aircraft has stimulated fresh work on the physical properties of ice by the Ministry of Aviation Special Investigations Laboratory on Sark. So far studies have been made of the specific gravity, density and resistance to sound of ice, in every case substantiating the constants obtained by previous workers. On the completion of the special steel-wove experimental tower it is intended to drop blocks of ice from the top platform and check rate of fall. If all goes well, the team hope to build a vacuum in which ice-fall unimpeded by air will be studied by high-speed cine-camera.

A NEW STETHOSCOPE

The Splodd-Hopper Instrument Company have developed a stethoscope for use on patients who refuse to disrobe. It pierces the clothing whatever its thickness and has an auxiliary rotary action that will drill through metal. It comes in pastel shades. Splodd-Hopper are noted for their personnel-amenity programme. Sir Ephra Hopper personally conducts the Choral Society and Councillor Splodd runs the Works Marriage Guidance Council.

CATS AS WEATHER PROPHETS

A RESEARCH team at the John Henshaw Human Engineering Coy, Newark, consisting of Greta Green, H. Pomeroy Glad, Dr. Karl Pfzither and Kwana Kwana have discovered that, during the half hour preceding thunderstorms, the acetone-content of certain membranes in the livers of male cats is increased by a factor of 0.15 per cent to 0.16 per cent. Further work on this project has been halted as funds are no longer forthcoming, the John Henshaw Human Engineering Coy, Newark, being chiefly interested in the manufacture of reins for toddlers.

OC 24 1961

NUTRIMENT DESTROYED

Professor Caulk of the Government's Nutrition Service has proved that valuable vitamins are destroyed in melon by cooking. Volunteers from the Salvation Army who lived for three weeks on cooked melon and water became etiolated, despondent and pallid. The worst way of cooking melon from the nutrition point of view, his report records, is stewing.

**DO INFANTS RECOGNISE UNCLES?**

Dr. the Lady Mortmain and her colleagues at the Institute for Research into Problems of Over-Wanted Children have found that the basic factor in a child's recognition of members of the family group outside parents and siblings is noise-emission. The Uncle who remains silent or merely smiling does not gain recognition so speedily as the Uncle who associates himself with some specific sound, be it a coo or a chuckle. Where two Uncles select the same signal, differences in the structure of the larynx, palatal formation, respiratory pattern, etc. will be sufficient to prevent confusion. They report an infant of 7-3 months who could recognise 17 Uncles. Further research is needed to distinguish genuine Uncle-response from undifferentiated adult-response.

**PEAT IN PREVENTIVE MEDICINE**

Studies at the University of Utrecht have shown that open peat fires may be a factor in reducing fatigue-incidence in precision manufacture. Speaking at a press conference Professor Rynboek demonstrated a fibre-glass clinical thermometer, as information on peat is classified.

A PREDECESSOR OF DARWIN

In a lecture to the Paisley Natural Philosophy Club, the Reverend Geoffrey Pride put forward the theory that many of Darwin's discoveries were anticipated by an ancestor of his called Baillie Jamie MacAndrew. He read extracts from his Notebooks, including an amusing account of an execution in 1713. One point on which the Baillie differed from Darwin was in thinking that the Mammals were the oldest form of life.

**REASON AND THE PARAHALOGENS**

Experiments with fruit-fly conducted at the Institute of Education, London, have shown that the learning process is accelerated if the subjects receive intramuscular injections of a new compound tentatively christened Mensonin. Though the injections are fatal, death is sufficiently delayed for experimental data to be obtained.

RIDDING LOCKS OF BARNACLES

The Gusset River Board have called in Professor Moon-Jones to advise them on clearing the numerous locks along the waterway of the concentration of shellfish that have been slowing traffic almost to a standstill. Marking and ringing have shown that crustaceans tend to leave the territories of adjacent boards in favour of the Gusset. At Long Creech it is impossible to shut the lock gates even by using a steam windlass. At Pillow Monachorum the lock-keeper's garden is hidden from view beneath a vast mound of the invaders. At Fleet-by-Grawl cyclists on the towpath find barnacles snatching at their wheels. Professor Moon-Jones is making a tour of canals in Europe and North America to see whether conditions on the Gusset can be paralleled elsewhere.



All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go

A Poor Man's Guide to the Affluent Society

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

1 — Brave New World Revisited

IT is by now universally known that we live in a world of flux, a world of drastic revaluation, a world in which what was true yesterday will not be true to-morrow. This has always been the nature of things; but the British, with characteristic phlegm, have usually contrived to ignore it. Their characteristic attitude is a compound of natural pessimism and hard-won experience; there is a hardy look in the national eye, a scepticism which understands that the game is not worth the candle; when anything new is suggested, the native response is to say, first, that it couldn't be done and, second, that if it were it would all end in tears anyway. It is true that the English spent the nineteenth century in social and industrial pioneering, but at the end of it they handed over the job to America with a sigh of relief. It was so much more their line of country, people felt.

But, as I suggested in *Phogey*, the British character was currently undergoing a challenge more complex and more subtle than any it had faced. The world is more in flux than ever. The old folk-wisdom and the experience that is normally handed down from generation to generation no longer seems quite to fit the case, and in consequence many people currently find themselves fluttering and confused. It was for them that the volume mentioned above was written; in our fluid world, I observed there, when all the traditional guides to rank and standards of behaviour had been thrown into question, it was still possible for people of wit to pick their way through the morass. One could still have class in a classless society, provided one picked the right class; civilised life might well be put at a premium but, by taking protective covering, one might still go on having it.

Now, as we jump with both feet into the nineteen-sixties, we come to the real testing time. Can we, in fact, hold firm? For the new society is upon us. Call it by what name you like—The Affluent Society, The Age of Participation, Americanisation—the ordeal is at hand; the country is

entering the decade of the Lonely Crowd, the Organisation Man, the Shook-Up Generation, and the like. I well remember, not too long ago, returning across the Atlantic to England; as we emerged from the ocean spray somewhere near the Scilly Isles the BBC news penetrated through to us ("it is veah neahlah one and a quartah minutes pahst nine") and we learned that there was a Crisis. (It is strange how one associates the BBC News with Crises: "Switch on and see how the crisis is getting on." Now, alas, there is no nine o'clock news, and crises have, I think, lost thereby.) It seemed that, some time before, Colonel Nasser had snatched the Suez Canal off its owners and the Government, having collected its army together, was now ready to do something about it. There were little landing craft doing exercises in Southampton Water; but England, when we came ashore, looked much the same. Going up to London in the train, we could see the electricity board cutting down trees; speculative builders were raping the landscape and erecting ill-designed, squashed-together boxes for trogs to live in; suburban dwellers were adding "sun-lounges" and corrugated iron or concrete garages to the backs of their semis; in the city centres new buildings designed by anti-aestheticians were going up apace. Life was going on, then, as it usually did. And yet there was a difference.

For one thing, something seemed to have attenuated British national pride. People were saying things like, "Well, I'd sign up like a shot, but they say you can't get *Emergency Ward Ten* out there" and "I wouldn't mind if Nasser came over here and occupied us." A kind of slightly inebriated torpor, the result of watching too much television and taking on too many hire-purchase commitments, seemed to have taken over; I had seen the same thing in the States. Thus wars seem less of an issue and more of an interruption. People gradually got a bit more divided and newspapers were cancelled by the fiery-tempered, but quite a lot of people passed it by altogether. I used to open the door of the room where my parents were watching things like *Zoo Quest* and shout "You're dancing on top of a volcano" and "You're



"Where can I find love?"



"It's Ravenna tomorrow, is it? Funny, I keep thinking today is Ravenna."

fiddling while Rome burns." There would be a complete silence within the room, save for the cry of an iguana beamed out to us at great expense from Alexandra Palace; but after I'd shut the door I used to hear my father say to my mother, "Nobody can understand him any more." As for the young, who had no shares in the canal and little to lose except their integrity, they were taking the moral view. In Espresso bars, universities, the Royal Court Theatre and other like centres of protest, they used to gather together and say to one another, "All right, we are two nations." They used to keep giving each other petitions to sign and saying that if they were conscripted they'd turn the gun on themselves rather than injure an innocent wog.

All these attitudes reminded me rather strongly of the mood that I had encountered in the United States; and I began to suspect that what England had turned into was a nation of consumers on the world model, and that in no time at all everyone would be complaining about the problem of conformity, and private wealth and public squalor, and the perils of creeping suburbanisation. Consumer societies take comfort in the assumption that if you keep quiet troubles will just go away. Non-consumer societies, societies in which men act autonomously, believe in honour first, even if

upholding their own honour plays hell with everyone else's; but consumer societies adjust their standards to the things they possess and the social changes that provide them with more of them—because, good as morals are, you can't eat them. Could it be, then, that England was changing, was crossing over into that land from which no traveller ever returns? All the signs led me to asseverate, quite firmly, *yes*. England had hopped, like a ponderous frog, from one world into another.

Most social observers of standing agree that there is a change, and that we are radically not what we were. Some date the change from Suez, as I have done, correctly; it needed a failure in the international arena to convince people of the virtues of Little Englandism and lining one's own basket. Others find different turning points—the advent of commercial television, the belated English discovery of the Espresso coffee machine, the invention of the cuffless trouser. But commercial television didn't at first take hold; it was ready for the English before the English were ready for it. It seems hard to think of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as *avant-garde*, but that is the fact of the case. It took quite a few years before people began to live like television commercials ("Mmm! Delicious!") and before countless British minds were softened enough to assimilate into their daily living the



"No! I still don't see any resemblance."

ethics of *The Army Game*, *Emergency Ward Ten* and *Double Your Money*. When commercial television was first mooted, everyone was against it. "For the sake of our children," said Dr. Garbett, "we should resist it." The present attitude suggests that one of three things has happened: (a) commercial television was not as bad as was expected, (b) we are less interested in the welfare of our children or (c) the attitudes and standards of society—or at least of its spokesmen

—have changed. Since (a) is untrue and (b) is unlikely, one can only conclude that a change has taken place either in society itself or in those who attempt to represent and mould its attitudes.

But what is the difference between these two worlds? It is, admittedly, not easy to characterise, though anyone who, like myself, has his pulse on the finger of contemporary society knows it instinctively, feels it in his bones. How to characterise it? In later articles I shall try to pinpoint some symptoms, discussing such topics as *Youth And How To Have It*, *How To Live With the Fashion Cycle*, *Rules for Membership of the Middle Classes*, *Protest—the New Conformity?* and, finally and most importantly, *How to Stay Poor in the Affluent Society*. Here I want to close with a word to those people whom one meets from time to time, people who feel that it is not all for the best. The word is not, alas, one of cheer. Some people are of the opinion that the primary problem of the modern world is to preserve certain traditional and cultural values, and they look to two likely agencies. One is the Conservative Party; but a quick look at what it is conserving should convince them to look elsewhere. The other is the Labour Party; but a glimpse at that party's contemporary adjustment will show that its thinkers are all too happy with the present dispensation, destructive as it is of the old pretences and servilities. But since all that seems to be lost is a veneration for the civilised and for the view that a man is responsible for the quality of his own life no matter what social conditions it is lived under, perhaps we should not repine too much.

Next week: Consumption: a Modern Miracle

Mr. Mafferty Reaches for the Stars

By A. P. H.

"GOD bless the Bird Boys!" said Mr. Mafferty. "Happy reclinin's an' safe landin's in the magical moving bottles, an' they slip-pin' up and down like the lifts at a grand hotel! It's not meself would fancy spendin' a fine week-end in that manner at all, caught like a cat in a travellin' drain-pipe an' feedin' only from a tooth-paste tube. But I wish good fortune to one an' all, especially the big brains behind the Bird Boys, an' they not kissed or cuddled by anyone at the big parades an' boastin' palavers. But I wish, as well, there could be some clear thinkin' an' sense of proportion in the gentlemen that speak an' write about the mad proceedin's. 'Conquerin' Space,' they say. 'Reachin' for the stars.' There was never such nonsense seen on a printed page since Mister K. Marx said that capitalism would die for good the very next autumn. To begin with,

if they conquer the little solar system itself they'll be no nearer to the stars an' Space than St. Paul's Cathedral to the Pacific Ocean. The solar system, Mr. H., is no more than a few small huts in the Sahara Desert with one poor palm-tree in the middle, no more. The planet Pluto—that's the last house in the solar suburb—is three thousand six hundred an' sixty million miles from the Sun. You an' me, Mr. H., are only 93 million miles from the Sun—an' 250,000 from the moon. So you can see, 'tis some distance to the planet Pluto. But till he's passed the planet Pluto you can't say truly that a man's in Space. Sure, you're not in the ocean at Southend Pier.

"'Reachin' for the stars!' God forgive such foolish talk! There's more than a few, I'm thinkin', don't know the difference between a planet an' a star. I wonder now which star you'll be

reachin' for, Mr. H. Do you know how far it is to the nearest star? It's a hard thing to say in words, but I think it's 25 and a half million million miles. I'll write it for you—give your eyes a treat:—

25,500,000,000,000 miles.

"That's a long way, Mr. H. But, 'tis true, the Bird Boys travel fast. One of the Bird Boys was in the news travelled at 18,000 miles an hour, they say, an' I make that 157 million miles a year. Well, you can do the sum yourself, Mr. H., for I have a head already like a drunken bee, an' it fallen in the wine: but I reckon at that rate a man would come to the nearest star in—here you are!

162,420 years.

"An' maybe before the end of that a man would be losin' interest. But I wouldn't like to fob you off, Mr. H., with a small star in the constellation

of the Centaur. You'll want to reach for one of the big fellows, the blue star Vega or the orange star Arcturus, you'll find if you follow the tail of the Bear.

"But Arcturus, the orange star, is farther still. The light from the nearest star, Mr. H., takes four years only to come to your bright eyes, so, they say, 'tis four light-years away. But Arcturus is 25 light-years away. Now a light-year, says one of the books, is about

5,880,000,000,000 miles.

And Arcturus, the orange star, has 41 of them, which makes him 241 million million miles away, or, if you're hungry for the details,

241,080,000,000,000.

Unless I'm ravin', Mr. H., an' as like as not I am so, at 18,000 miles an hour an' 157 million miles a year, 'twill take that Bird Boy 1,662,000 years to get on reachin' terms with old Arcturus.

"But maybe they'll be acceleratin' their old-fashioned rockets an' machines. 18,000 miles an hour—that's no speed for a grown man. I wouldn't wonder if one day they do their reachin' at 50,000 miles an hour. But even at that speed 'twill take them 58,000 years to hit the nearest star an' 598 thousand to come alongside Arcturus. Maybe we're a trifle old for Space-travel, Mr. H., you want to be young to reach for the stars: an' I'm sorry for the young as well, for I've been doin' another sum. If a Bird Boy of 20 starts out for the nearest star to-day an' hopes to reach it before he's 100, I reckon he'll have to travel at 36 million miles an hour. 'Tis what I said—

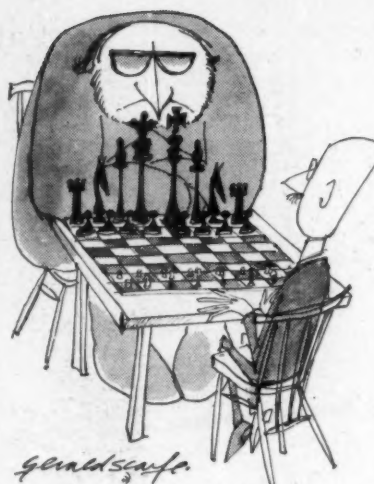
36,000,000 mph.

"'Tis too fast. An', if you need me poor opinion, the conquest of Space is still a short way away.

"Maybe, then, you'd best be content with a planet or two. The Russians, I see in the papers, intend to 'populate the solar system.' That's a quare, strange thing when you give it a thought, an' they so hard on anyone that colonises anny place or person. Nor it's not a considerate or kindly plan, I'm thinkin', to be spreadin' the influenza an' the common cold an' acidity an' smallpox an' dyspepsia, an' God knows what besides over half the firmament where they never were before. You never heard of an angel with the common cold. Well, you will soon, Mr. H. An' have they given a thought, I'm wonderin', to



the plagues an' poxes an' deadly insects an' murderous plants they'll be bringin' home on the soles of their boots an' maybe in the hair? When we reach for a planet, Mr. H., you an' me, we'll have the decency to stop there. Where shall we go then? Meself, I have no fancy for the Moon at all. 'Tis too hot to exist in the day-time an' too cold in the night: you must take your own food an' water with you; an' live in a glass case. An' besides you'll never have a moment's peace for fear of a rocket fallin' on you from France or Egypt or Israel or China—now the craze is ragin' they'll all be in it at the latter end. Nor I've no strong itch to visit Mars or Venus, nor Saturn neither where the winter lasts for seven years. If there's no life there 'tis no place for you 'an me: an' if there is why wouldn't we leave it alone? The next thing you know we'll be payin' taxes for the undeveloped planets an' ferryin' food for the starvin' Martians: an' the next thing after that they'll be cursin' us up an' down the solar system, an' cryin' bitterly 'Go home, Earthworms!', an' maybe shootin' rockets at us for the sake of Science.



"But I tell you what, Mr. H., there's a kind of a childish cravin' on me for the planet Pluto. 'Tis the one I told you about, the last in the line, as it might be Richmond, or Land's End, or the West Indies, or the Canary Islands. An elegant little planet, smaller than this one, they say, an' cosy, I'm feelin' an'

exclusive as well, for 'tis too far for the tourists an' the week-end traffic. Wait now while I calculate the details.

"Glory be! Mr. H., there's a disappointment comin'. At 18,000 miles an hour, I reckon, an' 157 million miles a year, 'twill take us 23 years an' more to reach the planet Pluto. Mr. H., I haven't the time. I'd sooner travel to a small kind tavern I know in the West of London, England.

"An' as for the Space Race, Mr. H., I won't say there's nothin' like it in the history of human imbecility, because indade there is. You know well, at political meetin's, a citizen or two, when they don't agree with the speakers, will throw fireworks among the people, or maybe a can of stinks or tear-gas or the like, an' they think that shows the speeches is wrong. Well, in the Big World if a Conference is comin' or a debate or Treaty, there's one or two that like to fire a rocket or blow a Bird Boy into the air, for, God help 'em, they think that proves they're right. It don't prove annythin' but stupidity an' a swollen head. Sure, it isn't Space wants conquerin', but Sense."

Cab Wars Are Not New

By CHRISTOPHER PULLING

TO judge from the angry brawl about minicabs you might imagine the whole conception to be brand new. Not a bit of it. The original horsedrawn cabriolet, curtly abbreviated to cab, at which the old four-seater hackney carriage drivers protested as an unfair rival, carried two passengers only, and even before the hansom arrived in 1834 there had been earlier two-seaters with such titles as minibus or duobus.

Apart from Daisy Bell and the bicycle built for two, twosomes were more popular than foursomes until the turn of the century. There were twice as many hansoms as four-wheelers; the first electric cabs tried out in the 'nineties were for two; the earliest petrol cabs in 1902 were in effect motor hansoms, an extra pair of wheels and a single-cylinder engine taking the place of the horse.

Even in the petrol-laden air between the wars, two-seater cabs were being

vigorously demanded and some of the arguments used then still sound valid. The case for the reformers was that the public wanted more cabs, but that at a shilling a mile the big taxi was too expensive for most people; that 90 per cent of cabs were hired to carry not more than two passengers; and that the traffic congestion which made a cab useless for speed was giving the trade a thin time, whereas a smaller vehicle would be easier to manoeuvre. The cab trade, then as now, opposed tooth and nail. The Home Secretary of the period, Sir William Joynson Hicks ("Jix") set up a committee to look into the matter, so it was natural for the newspapers to jump the gun and call the new fangled baby a Jixi before it was born. A.P.H. suggested "jickshaws" in *Punch*.

The battle went on, but the authorities boggled at the "Conditions of Fitness" factor. This has always been a stumbling block: "to ensure that the vehicle was capable of withstanding the strain of

work under the conditions of London traffic and also to provide a reasonable standard of comfort for passengers." One vital requirement is a turning circle of 25 feet. This makes taxis costly to build. Modification of these conditions, urged by the trade from time to time, is now being discussed yet again by a committee of engineers independent of both the licensing authority and the cab trade.

After the mountainous labours of the Jix enquiry, one two-seater mouse was put on the streets—and very soon withdrawn, presumably because even at 9d. a mile it did not pay. And all this time, while London hesitated, Paris and Berlin were trying out two-seater and even one-seater cabs.

Now that the minicab has appeared, both in London and the provinces, another revolution has arrived with it—the woman driver. There is nothing in police regulations to stop a woman from driving a taxi, but before she can do so

she has to pass the gruelling knowledge of London test. The average man has to study the seething sprawl of London's highways and byways for a year or eighteen months before he can memorise all he needs to know for this searching quiz, and no woman has yet passed it. This confirms a theory I have always held secretly, that most women are unreliable at finding their way anywhere except into shops and other people's business. You may, perhaps, go a furlong or two out of your way if you are in the hands of one of these unlicensed drivers of minicabs, but at least you will not be exposed to the risks of the taxi war in Chicago during the 'twenties, when a big company sent out specially constructed wrecker cars to ram their rivals or, as a sideline, slash tyres, beat up passengers as well as drivers and throw smoke bombs.

There is no legal restriction on the numbers either of cabs or of drivers, so long as they satisfy the conditions. However the minicabs may prosper they are likely to remain in the minority for a long time. At the moment there are between six and seven thousand police-licensed taxis on the London streets, and nearly ten thousand licensed taxi-drivers. Before the war there were some 1,500 more of each. Ex-Servicemen with a taste for independence have often invested their gratuities in this venture. More than a third of the drivers are "mushers," as owners of single cabs are known in the trade, who buy their cabs (about £1200 new) on hire purchase. Often the owner-driver, like the journeyman driver who takes out his vehicle from the garage of a big proprietor, doubles with another licensee, one driving by day and one by night. The vehicle takes heavy punishment, which helps to explain the strictness of the police conditions of fitness.

Riding in a private hire vehicle summoned by radio telephone, the passenger must realise that he knows nothing about the serviceability of the vehicle or the character or ability of the driver.

There are no old corks plying for hire. The last pre-war taxi came off the streets in 1956—surprisingly only nine years after the last horse-cab driver in London turned in his licence. The horse had been slow to leave the field. Until the last war one solitary hansom survived in the West End, and

THEN AS NOW

It took France two years to get the Mona Lisa back. It had been stolen for sentimental reasons.



A FIXED STAR.

THE VENUS OF MILO: "PARIS WILL HAVE SOMETHING LEFT, AT ANY RATE, THE THIEF ISN'T BORN WHO CAN LIFT ME!"

August 30, 1911.

half a dozen growlers, or four-wheelers, were still driving nervous old ladies to and from the station. They were not likely to have called their driver "Jarvey" or even "cabby," if they knew that a hundred years ago the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police had had to instruct his men: "When a cab driver is spoken to by the Police, he is to be called 'Cab Driver,' and the vulgar offensive word 'Cabby' is never to be used by the Police."

Horse cabs outnumbered the taxi

fleet of today. Sixty years ago there were 11,000 of them in London. They stood up to the challenge of the flash-in-the-pan electric four-wheelers, tried for a few years at the close of the century, gaudy yellow and black ephemerals contemptuously referred to as "ummin birds" by the jealous cabmen. And they answered to the whistle—one blast for a four-wheeler and two for a hansom. Whistling for cabs was banned for ever during the 1918 war. Nowadays we whistle for a cab metaphorically.

Westminster Anniversary

I'M
Simply wasting my time
Directing your attention to the fact
That the Road Traffic Improvement Act
Went into top gear
Just about this time last year:
You'll have noticed, of course,
The great improvement in road traffic since it's been in force.

— J.B.B.

Quixote, 1961

By J. E. HINDER

... The illustrious knight, incredulous of his squire's intelligence concerning the great changes wrought in Spain by the influx of tourists and finally stung to action by Sancho Panza's declaration that early closing and other reforms are to be introduced, sallies forth again from La Mancha.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho Panza, having, after many curious adventures, reached the sea to the East, had not travelled an hour's march along the so-called Costa Brava, when they beheld, brightly illuminated, a large building from within which came sounds of revelry. "It is plain," said the knight, "that this noble edifice is the palace of the Duke of this region. Let us therefore make speed to enquire if his Grace will accord us hospitality." "In faith, sir," quoth his squire, "I am of the opinion that this is but one of those hosteleries of which I told you, wherein our countrymen are so eager to entertain the foreigners."

"I see all too plainly that you are a bumpkin," responded Don Quixote. "I will warrant you that such an elegant dwelling-place can be no common inn for travellers." "Then, by the Mass," cried Sancho, "who may these be?" From the patio stepped three persons, curiously attired in long coloured shirts, children's trousers and hats of

paper. "If the smallest of these be not a maiden, then I am blind as the bats of the Sierra Morena!" the squire went on. At this moment, one of the assumed maiden's companions attempting to embrace her roughly, she, in terror or feigning it, cried out.

It was sufficient for Don Quixote, who, on the instant, spurred forward the reluctant Rozinante, crying out in a loud voice: "Lady, abandon your fears, for Don Quixote de la Mancha is here to perform knightly service to all maidens in distress! It is manifest that ill-fortune or the enchantment of some magician has constrained you to journey hither in such unworthy garb and in such evil company!" So saying he thrust his lance in the direction of her companion.

The maiden broke into loud and unpleasing laughter. "Drop dead, Daddy-O!" she exclaimed in the English tongue and turning to her ill-favoured companion cried: "Dig that crazy horseflesh, Ron!" "What price the last race at Pontefract!" he shouted. With much coarse jesting they marched onward towards the sea.

Don Quixote shook his head in bewilderment, then, dismounting, called loudly for the owner of the hostelry—as he now saw it to be. "Innkeeper!" he shouted, "there is without a person of some station desirous of a bed for the night and food withal!"

A small stout figure emerged slowly. "No vacancies, mister," he said in a coarse voice. "High season, grandpa. Unless you got reservation—Cooks, American Express, Poly, WTA, Co-op Travel or somethin'?" "I do not comprehend you," cried the knight impatiently. "If you have no rooms, I will at least sup—and quickly!" "No meals after eight," replied the man immediately. "I can fix you a ten peseta lot of good old Rochdale fishes-and-chip to take away, if you like." "By the beard of Charlemagne!" roared Don Quixote, "are we, indeed, in Spain? Do

you tell me, caitiff, that I may not eat? Perhaps I may not drink either?"

"Nothing alcoholic," replied the man. "Coupla cokes? Sixteen pesetas, straight from the icebox." And he produced two phials of brownish liquid. "Mark well this villainous Moor," declared Don Quixote, "this is one of Merlin's servants and this liquid will, as like as not, transform us into swine within the saying of two credos!" "Then let us quit this place," cried Sancho, "and seek elsewhere lodging and refreshment suitable to your exalted station."

But the knight had seen approaching a concourse of persons, led by a stout dame wearing a tinsel crown. "By all that is chivalrous and of good repute," he cried, "here comes a Princess with her retinue to pay respects to my person!" Then, sweeping off his hat and making a low bow, he cried "Most High and Sovereign Lady, Don Quixote de la Mancha, cognizant of your exalted courtesy, begs to know in what manner he may serve you."

"Ingles," replied the stout woman in some confusion. "You tell him, Alf." This to a stout red-faced man who spoke in the English tongue—as did they all. "Mrs. Smaithwaite," he shouted. "From Leeds! On a coach-tour, mate!" Don Quixote, now exasperated beyond all endurance, demanded in a passion that the man acknowledge Dulcinea del Toboso as the fairest of all creation, which puzzled the clown for some while, until, understanding finally, he spoke up. "Best-looking piece I ever saw was Marilyn Monroe!" he said amid crude laughter. Sancho, perceiving that his master was like to shed blood, touched his shoulder. "This is not fit company for you, sir," he murmured.

In perplexity, the knight allowed himself to be persuaded and, remounting Rozinante, moved slowly away. The woman called after him. "I'd 'ave RSPCA on to you!" she shouted. "ridin' a poor old nag like that and you in them tin trousers!" The two horsemen trotted silently westward, Don Quixote moody and oppressed. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. "Behold!" he cried joyfully. Sancho Panza followed the direction of his master's glance and shook his head resignedly. Before them, less than a league distant, stood . . . a windmill. With this at least he knew how to deal.



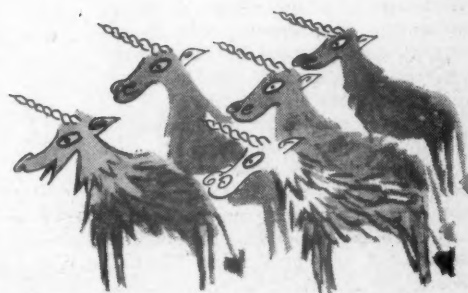


SIMPLY FFABULOUS

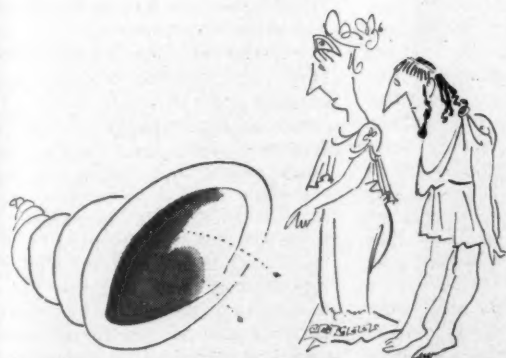
by FFOLKES



"Heard any good myths lately?"



"He won't last!"



"From time to time it just spits out a couple of pips."



"Mother!"

In the City



Profits From Planning

ON the reasoning that in an emergency everything is worth trying, the British Government is now putting its faith in planning. The preliminary soundings with the TUC and the various employers' organisations have taken place. Something big and long-term is obviously in the wind.

This is not Soviet-type planning but rather looking ahead, thinking of a number in setting a target for the growth of the economy, discussing this with all the interested parties, getting them involved in doing necessary sums and then drawing the logical conclusions (particularly about the possible and desirable rises in wages, dividends, rates of investment, etc.).

Whatever precise form this Selwyn Lloyd planning may take, it will certainly call for more statisticians, more slide rules and, in these days of not doing it yourself, more automatic help such as computers. They will be needed not only by the new Planning Board but by the firms which will be providing the Board with its mountains of statistical raw material.

There will be profits to be made from this plunge into planning. The firms which will be well to the fore in providing electronic calculating machines include Elliott Automation, International Computers and Tabulators and De La Rue, the last named through their growing and highly efficient computer project and their link with the French undertaking Machines Bull. Each of these three is a first-class company and though the yields are modest—between 2 and 2½ per cent—that very fact implies the compliment the Stock Exchange pays to their investment merits.

On the purely electronic side of the planning gadgetery let mention be made of Decca on whose shares 3½ per cent can now be earned, and Electrical and Musical Industries which yield a more generous 4½ per cent. All these shares have stood up reasonably well to the recent decline of markets. When

the pickup comes, as it assuredly will, they will probably be in the forefront of recovery.

Some of the recent decline in markets can be attributed to the appearance of issues of new shares on "rights" terms, which in present conditions inevitably tend to depress the price—so much so in the case of Colvilles, for example, that the rights lost all their value and the underwriters were left with the bulk of the shares. For investors fortunate enough to have cash at these times it is usually profitable to come to the rescue of those holders of shares who do not want to take up their "rights."

Eagle Star is a case in point. It is raising £10½ million by a "rights" issue of Ordinary shares, namely 1 for 4 at 50s. against a market price which is more than twice this figure. This is quite a mouthful when appetites are jaded by Berlin, credit squeeze, dividend restraint and the like. The value of

these "rights" has, therefore, fallen. They look a most promising buy.

Another is Leyland shares. They fell sharply on the news that a number of directors of Standard-Triumph International, including Mr. Alick Dick, the "boy wonder" of the motor car industry, had been asked to resign—and then recovered. Mr. Dick's dynamism will undoubtedly be a loss to the company which, as recently as last May, was acquired by Leyland Motors. But let us not underrate the judgment of the wise people, including Sir Henry Spurrier, who have brought Leylands to the peak of its present eminence in the world motor industry. All assessments of British industrial prospects in the Common Market put Leylands among the companies which will eagerly seize the opportunities that will be offered. At their present price the shares, even "ex-Dick," seem attractive.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

In the Country



Notes on Nadders

SUB-EDITORS still allow that "Adder Bites Man" is news. The reasons are that this is an abnormally "good" (or "bad"?) adder year and that there are in progress two or three adder inquiries, one, by the Nature Conservancy, strictly scientific, and the others concerned with numbers, distribution and the maximum height that an adder can strike. On this last, the answer is likely to be under twelve inches, so any wearer of gum-boots or gaiters is safe, unless he is picking flowers or fruit. Anyhow, adders are normally runaways. Unprovoked, they don't "charge" or attack. But an adder on whose tail you tread may turn a cheek containing two nasty little fangs.

An adder-bite fatality makes bigger news partly because there have been fewer than ten in the sixty-one years of this century—far fewer than deaths from wasp stings. And there must have been some thousands of adder

bites. Last year a zoologist computed that the 90,000 acres of the New Forest carried at least 25,000 adders. Another expert asserted that in Epping Forest he could see up to a dozen in a morning.

Contrasting with the headlined and exaggerated danger of adder bites there is a scoffing fleabite school. But last year a friend of mine was bitten, through her stocking. A neat job, she said, for at the moment she felt less than from the finest surgical needle. But it meant two weeks of considerable discomfort in a hospital bed, and some weeks more of semi-crippled convalescence at home. And this year even nettle-stings seem to wake up trouble from the old bite. Adders are not easy to know. There is a wide variation of colours from silver to black and including red and blue as well as yellow and green. But they are never long: fewer than six exceeding thirty inches have been recorded in England, and most are under twenty-four inches. The shape of the head (V-ish and truly venomous) and the stumpy, sharp-tailed body are noteworthy.

Adders have few enemies beyond man, hedgehogs and buzzards. Five years ago they were reported to be unusually scarce in the West Country and myxomatosis was suggested as the reason: since the rabbits had gone, the hungry buzzards were thought to have made a special clean-up of adders, which seem now to have recovered their number though not their "n". Rightly, they are nadders.

—J. D. U. WARD



CRITICISM

AT THE PICTURES

Goodbye Again

AT the beginning of *Goodbye Again* (Director: Anatole Litvak) there were three, as I thought, bad signs. The first was before the credits as the main characters were shown in Paris street scenes, and there was a shot of Roger (Yves Montand) allowing his eye to be caught by a pretty young girl and smiling and evidently much inclined to pick her up. This struck me as an irritatingly obvious, emphasised, wink-and-nudge way to introduce him. The second thing that gave me pause—since the film is not a musical, but an adaptation of Françoise Sagan's novel *Aimez-vous Brahms*...—was a line in the credits naming the writer of the "lyrics"; and the third was what struck me as an almost stage-like excess of volume about the dialogue. But in fact the picture proved to be enjoyably entertaining, and none of the doubts aroused by these things was justified.

As so often, the advertisements also give a totally inaccurate impression. Heavy rhetorical questions about whether "a woman" can "love one man and surrender to another," fatuities about "sins" and inability to "control exploding passions," are actively misleading: they offer no hint of the light, civilised mood of this piece, its gentle, atmospheric sadness, its pleasing and often highly amusing detail. When will the publicity people wake up to the truth that the moviegoers they scare away by this kind of advertising are worth more, in the long run, than those they attract?

The story here is basically unremarkable, a mixture of familiar sentimental situations: A loves B who only half-loves A and amuses himself otherwise, confident that A will always be there when he wants her; then enter C, much younger than either, and he falls passionately in love with A; but she is worried by the difference in their ages and— And so on. In outline, it sounds quite ordinary, the stuff of much magazine fiction. But the light, ironic mood, the entertaining detail, the individual playing make all the difference.

The individual playing: Ingrid Bergman here is not, as those advertisements would suggest, just "a woman," but a beautiful woman of forty named Paula Tessier, a successful interior decorator in

Paris. For five years she and Roger (Yves Montand) have been having an affair—he runs after young girls, and she knows it, but she accepts the situation, for he always comes back. Then Philip (Anthony Perkins) develops a passion for her and wants to marry her, and she is tempted—but he is only twenty-five...

All this, even to the ironic point at the end of the film, might easily be presented in terms of soap opera; but it is done with a great deal of intelligence and wit (script by Samuel Taylor). I've seen the film described as a tear-jerker calculated to appeal mainly to women. In fact, I enjoyed it without being emotionally moved at all. The point is that every slightest scene is made in itself interesting, whether it is to suggest a mood (the impression of loneliness as Paula wearily comes back to her flat after a day's work) or conveys something of some narrative importance (at the airport when Roger, late already for his plane, insists that he can't take her with him). Miss Bergman's performance is outstanding,

but both M. Montand and Mr. Perkins—who has some very funny moments, including a one-man one-minute summing-up of a typical American trial—do well, and there are many good bit-players. The thing is basically trivial, but it's beautifully done.

There is no second film-title at the head of this article because the other film press-shown this time, *The Trapp Family*, is an "English adaptation written and directed by" someone other than the director who originally made it in German. I know there are intelligent people who have no objection to dubbing, because I'm constantly arguing with them; the fact is that either you mind it or you don't mind it, and argument makes no difference whatever. But I'm simply unable to understand how anything can be fairly criticised when one can't praise or blame the writing (the dialogue being not the perfect English translation, but English ingeniously contrived to fit—more or



YVES MONTAND as Roger Demarest, INGRID BERGMAN as Paula Tessier and ANTHONY PERKINS as Philip Vander Besh in *Goodbye Again*.

less—the same movements, in the same time, as the original), or the acting (which is inextricably bound up with the visible actor's manner, pace, tone of speech), or the direction (which is evidenced in the visible player's behaviour, in speaking as in everything else), or indeed almost anything but purely visual effects. I think a film should be judged as a whole. To those who find it easy to separate into two halves, pictures and sounds, I suggest the thought of an exact equivalent of dubbing: the original dialogue track of a film grafted on to pictures of a lot of totally different people going through the motions of speaking it. Well?

— RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE FESTIVAL

Edinburgh

The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus
(ASSEMBLY HALL)
Sappho (LYCEUM)

THE Festival started well for us with a *Dr. Faustus* in which all the key positions are stoutly held by members of an Old Vic company at match strength, and in which the fullest use of the Assembly Hall's open stage is made by the producer, Michael Benthall. It will be interesting to see how he adapts

its multiple comings and goings to the tighter restrictions of the Waterloo Road.

With its mockery of the Papacy this is a particularly happy play for the headquarters of the Church of Scotland; the spirits of a great many divines, including that of John Knox, must have been cheering it ecstatically. No production of it has ever before made me feel how terrifying an experience it must have been for the audiences for which it was written, to whom the pains of hell and the anguish of a doomed soul were so much more real than they are in this slipshod age.

Mr. Benthall's production is constantly inventive of pleasing strokes of business that fortify the play's humour and do not hinder its action. Visually it is highly imaginative. Michael Annals's dresses for the fiends and the Seven Deadly Sins are very arresting; they are grotesques from the private hell of Hieronymus Bosch, and the pageant of the interrupted papal meeting is staged with magnificence. The contrast between the fusty sobriety of Faustus's study and the riot of colour when he gets loose as a magician is extremely effective.

The excitement of this tussle for a soul between the powers of good and evil owes much to Paul Daneman, whose *Dr. Faustus* is acceptable as a

human being, an attractive and convivial fellow who has outstripped his colleagues in learning and whose only weakness is a fatal ambition to be really famous. He is fully aware of both the meaning of hell and of the immortal joys he is in danger of losing. It is a very good performance that is always, even at the end, under perfect control. In Michael Goodliffe's Mephistophilis he has a courteous and resolute antagonist, who cloaks with a humorous eye his steely determination to get what he wants. I thought Walter Hudd's delivery of the Chorus rather too gentle, as of a Dean exploding a mild heresy in the library of the Athenaeum, but I see in the text that Chorus is supposed to be an elderly scholar, so perhaps he is justified. Robert Eddison hasn't much to say as Lucifer, but says it commandingly, dressed up to the nines in a flame-coloured creation from the lush wardrobe of hell. And Stephen Moore gets successful comedy from the fumbling experiments of Wagner, Faustus's servant, with his master's magic.

I grew tired of the intoning of the good angel, whose dismal exhortations wouldn't have brought an errant mouse back to the true path, let alone a man of Faustus's daring. Needless to add there is a great expenditure of flash powder. It is to the further credit of Mr. Benthall, who emerges from this production with honour, that it all goes off at the right place and at the right time.

Lawrence Durrell is reported to have told a press conference here that when he wrote *Sappho*, ten years ago, he had only seen two plays performed, one of them being *Charley's Aunt*. One gets exactly that impression—that he was very hazy about the special needs of the theatre. As a great admirer of his Alexandrian novels it seems to me a disservice to his reputation to put on this early and formless play, which by no means reaches Festival standard.

Sappho is written in verse which, though it contains fine pieces of lyrical description, notably in the account by old Minos of the earthquake that carried the whole city of Eresos into the sea, is very uneven and has long pedestrian passages. Almost nothing is known of Sappho's life. Mr. Durrell shows her in the first act already famous as a poetess, with a salon of wits; bored with her greedy merchant husband, she seduces Phaon, an attractive young fisherman. It is typical of Mr. Durrell's leisurely and rather literary approach that dramatically speaking he wastes a lot of time on an evening party at which Sappho and her guests compete with epigrams.

In the second act Phaon's brother, a general and one of Sappho's army of lovers, returns in triumph from the sack of Athens. Obviously Mr. Durrell was fascinated by the seeds of tyranny



PAUL DANEMAN as Dr Faustus in *The Tragical History of Dr Faustus*

MARGARET RAWLINGS as Sappho in *Sappho*

ripening in a soldier's mind, but he cannot have realised what a bore Pittakos would be on the stage, at any rate in John Hale's production, where Nigel Davenport acts him as a loud-mouthed corporal on a single note of arrogance that swamps all that is delicate and witty in the play. Pittakos's grandiose schemes of conquest upset the elders, while his amorous approaches upset Sappho; in fact he is an unmannerly young bull in a well-ordered and slightly precious china-shop.

In the last act Sappho's husband discovers (wrongly, as it turns out) that he is her father, and as the secret voice of the oracle she speaks his doom. After fifteen years of aggrandisement Pittakos is hunted by Sappho's galleys to Phaon's private island, and there the brothers are killed; we finish with Sappho, an old embittered woman, alone in her palace. All the chief characters except Phaon get what they richly deserve, and we cannot feel for them at all. The play is a series of very loosely knit impressions that fail to combine in generating tension.

Sappho and Phaon and Minos, the wise old scholar, are the best drawn characters, as they are also the best acted. Margaret Rawlings makes Sappho a woman of wit and charm, deeply dissatisfied with her life but unable to break out of it. Richard Gale's Phaon is charming, with an incorruptible innocence that is proof against his brother's gaudy ambitions. He and Minos are the only sane men in this Attic madhouse. Minos is played very sympathetically by Norman Tyrrell. Otherwise the acting is not remarkable. Nor is Mr. Hale's production, which includes a song by a

slave-girl that comes palpably from a can in the wings.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PLAY

Henry IV, Part 2 (APOLLO)
An Evening with Sammy Davis, Jr.
(PRINCE OF WALES)
The Lord Chamberlain Regrets
(SAVILLE)

STARTING with the unfair advantage of preferring most school Shakespeare productions to most professional ones, I enjoyed the Youth Theatre's *Henry IV Part 2* almost without reserve. Such reserve as I have chiefly concerns the over-emphasised knockabout in the comic scenes, which obscured the pathetic futility infused by Colin Farrell into his Shallow and the really astonishing skill of Brian Eatwell as Mistress Quickly and Paul Hill as Doll Tearsheet. Also, old square that I am, I am not especially keen on homosexual by-play in boys' productions.

These points made, I thought Michael Croft's direction simple, intelligent and lucid. David Weston's Falstaff could hardly be expected to encompass the whole area of the part, Mr. Weston being but twenty-two years old; perhaps choosing deliberately to perfect a limited range of characterisation rather than cover a wider field less thoroughly, he gave us a kind of Base Details major—"fat and bald and scant of breath"—propping up a reputation for gallantry with a worn Coldstream capbadge, but roistering with more determination than gratification. Within this framework, which is perfectly viable, he gave a well-observed portrait enough, and spoke beautifully.

Richard Hampton's Prince Hal reached rare heights of pathos in the scene, admirably played with Neil Stacy, at the King's deathbed, and a convincing dignity at his renunciation of his former friends. Among the smaller parts I particularly liked Michael Cadman's graceful Poins and was amazed by the likeness of John Pemble's Silence to the late Ernest Thesiger.

Sammy Davis, Junior, perhaps the ugliest matinée idol since Gerald du Maurier, is a brilliant eccentric dancer, an able pop-singer, an amusing raconteur, an exact mimic, a bearable trumpeter and an athletic performer on the vibraphone. Such varied talents should see him through a three-hour "one-man show," especially with eight attractive dancers, a comedian and a twenty-four-piece band to sustain him; but though my admiration for Mr. Davis in almost every manifestation is boundless I must admit I had a bout of restlessness before the evening was over. Still, the show has probably been tightened up since the first night—it would be improved by cutting all arcane references to Mr.

Davis's family and friends—and anyway no one ought to be deterred from seeing this volatile little charmer by the risk of having fifteen minutes too much of him.

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets is about as bad a revue as I can remember seeing since the war, its ideas plodding and old-fashioned, its music completely unmemorable, its sketches without a spark of wit. Well, there were actually two sparks of wit, but they had no hope of catching in their damp and dirty surroundings. One item reached a depth of silly vulgarity that can never before have been achieved on the London stage, and very properly got the bird. It was sad to see Joan Sims and Millicent Martin involved in all this tabid imbecility.

If there should be three words in the above paragraph that the management could conceivably quote between dots outside the theatre in a favourable sense, let me say at once that this is not my intention.

—B. A. YOUNG

AT THE GALLERY

In the National Gallery

THE Goya portrait of the Duke of Wellington which has been stolen, important as it is historically, is not—or rather was not—the finest Goya in the National Gallery. It was painted, probably under difficulties, from a drawing, done of the subject on the day after a battle—the latter work all may see in the British Museum. Compared with the wonderful "Doctor Peral" by Goya, also in the National Gallery the Duke's portrait lacks unity, subtlety, and life—the decorations and gold braid appear as if put on as an afterthought.

Sir Philip Hendy, the Gallery director, has gone to town in a big way to demonstrate the benefits to be derived from cleaning dirty old paintings. The lesson is given in the sectional manner made familiar by carpet cleaners, a section cleaned, then a section not yet cleaned. The example, the late Titian of the Mother and Child, besides proving Sir Philip's point, if need be, bids fair as an individual job. But have all previous efforts been successful?

For instance, can any painter looking at the transition from the middle distance to the blue far distance in Titian's "Christ and the Magdalen" think that Titian ever meant it to look as it does now? Enough of controversy. Lord Harewood's sumptuous Titian, "Diana and Actaeon," is temporarily on view and a still and beautifully balanced Giorgione landscape has been bought, as have been four most decorative Tiepolo panels. I have not heard that any record price was paid for the latter and suspect that therein lies the reason for their being largely ignored—except by genuine picture lovers.

Talking of money, why should not the public pay a shilling or so to go into the National Gallery and thereby raise £20,000 or £30,000 a year to help to pay for more works? Paying is the usual practice on the continent. Why not here?

—ADRIAN DAINTRY

ON THE AIR

For the Future

FAR more interesting and important than the fuss about colour and lines was the announcement, a week or two back, that the independent companies are going to think of their programmes in hour-long chunks, instead of half-hours. It's bad enough that they have to do their thinking in any specific lengths of time; a good programme has its own proper length and can only be squeezed or stretched a bit; but the half-hour idea has been absolutely stultifying. It is almost impossible to fit a plot of any complexity, or a scientific demonstration which allows for any important side-issues or qualifications, or even an argument that is more than superficial, into this length of time.

Remember that it is invariably nibbled into at both ends by the money-lovers.

Almost the only things that do fit are the amoebic programmes, the ones with neither spine nor guts, which can be lopped off in handy lengths and fed into the machine. Quiz programmes, *Jukebox Jury* and such. It will be interesting to see whether they have the nerve to try to drag these out into whole-hour programmes, and whether any viewers will be able to stand it if they do. Slightly further up the evolutionary scale the stream-of-life programmes, *Emergency Ward 10*, *Harpers West One* and such, will slice up to almost any extent, remaining soap to the last bubble. But attempt anything more complex and either character or plot is squeezed out and you are left with tiny but reasonably well-acted stories like *Our Mr. Ambler* or the cardboard complexities of most of the American imports.

I did go to the Radio Show to look at the colour and the 625-line sets. The colour was a good deal better than I expected—a bit lush perhaps, like a Mediterranean postcard. Nothing this side of a World War is likely to stop it

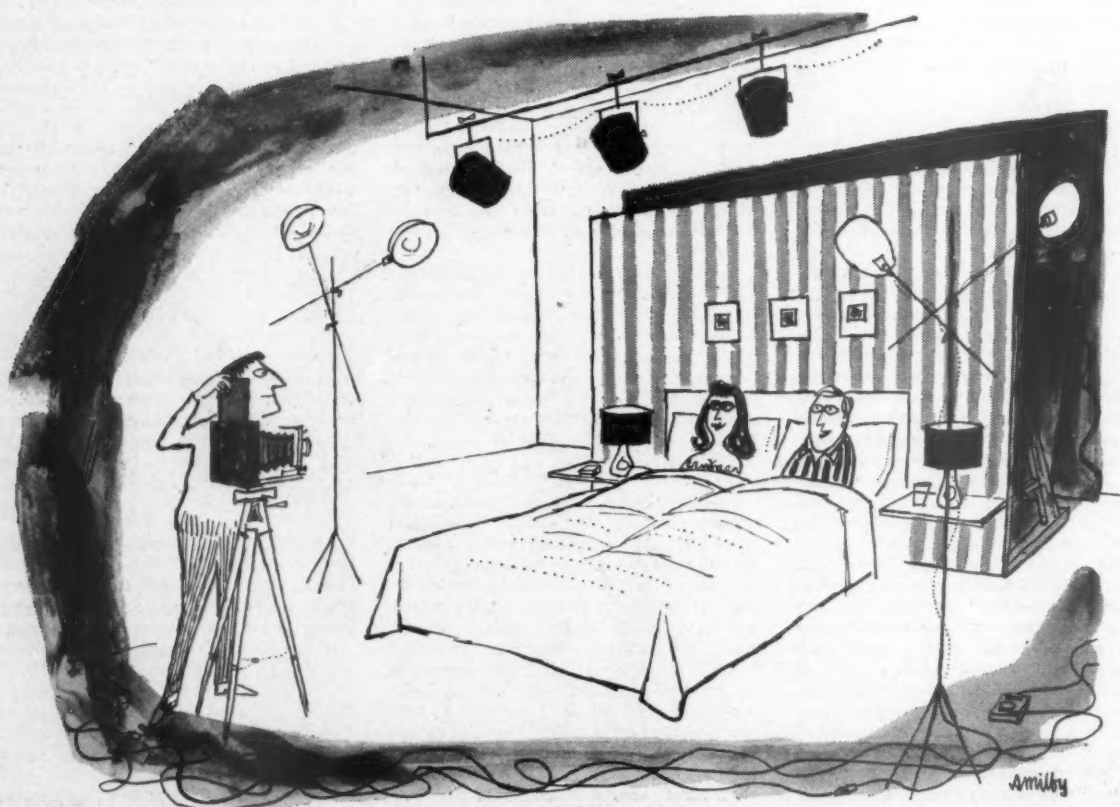
coming, and when it does I suppose we will spend a couple of years so lost in the wonder and astonishment of scientific progress that the networks will be able to get away with almost anything provided it is lavish with the spectrum. The 625-line pictures in black and white seemed to me only slightly better than the old 405, but when I was there almost every stand displayed a nice parable for the authorities. The 625 sets were showing a lot of fish swimming about, and the 405 sets were showing an old motor race between Moss, Hawthorne, Collins and Salvadori. Practically everybody was watching the 405 sets. They had the better programme.

—PETER DICKINSON

☆

"The cost of insuring all Government property would be completely prohibitive. It was better to put up with any loss sustained. If the Wellington portrait was in fact completely lost the Government would love about £140,000." —*Daily Telegraph*

Who wouldn't?



"When did you first get into the divorce business, Mr. Beales?"

Booking Office



LADS OF THE VILLAGE

By KAY DICK

The Improper Bohemians. A Re-creation of Greenwich Village in its Heyday. Allen Churchill. Cassel, 18/-

It is fascinatingly absurd, and ultimately appropriate, that *Trilby* should have initially inspired the bohemianism of New York's Greenwich Village, and that Mabel Dodge Luhan (who later forged a place for herself in the D. H. Lawrence bibliography) should have moulded the wrong side of Washington Square into an All-American left bank.

Excited by such past glamour, Mr. Churchill, himself a former Village resident, chronicles what he describes as the heyday (1912-1930) of this particular folly, and it is evident that he is one among many mesmerised. Grappling with incoherent material, this author early gives up his attempt to define, and allows his rambling notations to run wild among a maze of names that have come up with the years, themselves shadowed by names which have gone down with the years.

An introductory series of confused definitions of those who classify themselves as bohemians combines to defeat the chronicler's plan, and it is a slightly out-of-breath Mr. Churchill who throws in the sponge after a chapter or two and reverts to a haphazard selection from the gossip items. This rather solemn documentary scrutiny gives little evidence that Greenwich Village bohemianism was improper *par excellence*. The story is almost conventional. Rents originally were cheap, unknown writers and artists are poor, heiresses like to slum, those who don't work always talk, and those who can't work will pay for the drink, girls who wish to go to the bad are boringly legion, and it's the same the whole world over when the bohemian label is stuck to an area. Mr. Churchill describes a squalid little alleyway, squalid mainly because of its futility and ridiculous presumption. Tiresome and tedious it all is, and, really, was the task of compilation worth while? The

fact that half a dozen celebrated names can be advertised as Village *pasta* does not justify talk about "blazing trails." There appears to be no particular merit in recalling that during the early nineteen hundreds those with a taste for art who lived in the Village were attached to certain labels, namely free-love, anarchy, womens' suffrage, psychology, sex (as distinct from free-love) and free speech (as distinct from psychology). All this was improper, all this was bohemian, all this we have been trying to forget for the last two decades.

Pre-war and post-war are Mr. Churchill's divisions, and World War Two does not come into it. Sin was considered in lyrical terms in those days when all concerned made such a burning issue of it (shades of *Trilby* again). Admittedly there was Eugene O'Neill, but his Village tenancy was circumstantial rather than committal, and there was Edna St. Vincent Millay

before she retired to marriage and higher poetry—but the anecdotes which relate to such celebrities are just as admirably recounted elsewhere.

There was, Mr. Churchill reminds us, the solemn side; for instance, Mabel Dodge's golden boy, John Reed (of *Ten Days That Shook the World* fame) who died in Moscow, dreaming one hopes, of the Village; and Max Eastman and *The Masses*, a magazine that brought a charge of sedition to the district. Unfortunately such personal dramas do not inform more precisely about why it was all so improper in the Village. In one small particular Mr. Churchill reveals an original spark, when he makes the extremely valid observation that Margaret Anderson, who edited *The Little Review*, was the first to publish Joyce's *Ulysses*, and not Miss Beach, although most of Miss Anderson's *Little Review* work was done in Chicago before she came to the Village.

Came 1919, prohibition, estate agents and the tourists: the Village began to cash in, to extend its frontiers, to cater more openly for those who wished to be improper and bohemian in greater material comfort than those who had flocked to Mabel Dodge for free drink and food. Small entries in Mr. Churchill's assemblage of facts are names such as e.e. cummings and Djuna Barnes, which add no decorative pastiche to this volume, for the simple reason that both belong to the minority concentrated on their solitary art, and their residence in the Village in no way relates to Mr. Churchill's improper bohemians whose vagaries are pitiable rather than sinful.

Only too clearly does this chronicle show how irreconcilable are bohemianism and creative work. What promises at first glance to be a trifling amusement for a leisure hour turns out to be a dreary record of promiscuous jerks performed by a bunch of self-conscious egocentrics. And surely one must bear in mind that the true bohemian was, and is, a perpetual migrant, a gypsy, a travelling player, often a political or racial minority, to-day a displaced person, driven from place to place, settling nowhere, for the simple reason that none would, or will, grant him permanent residence.

AFTER HIROSHIMA

Children of the Ashes. Robert Jungk. Heinemann, 25/-

In this account of Hiroshima after the atomic bomb the author touches only incidentally on the horrors of the actual event, the scarred bodies, the overthrown



101145



buildings, the blistered stones, the lost families. He is more concerned with all the ills that followed the starvation, the black markets, the crime waves, the catastrophic flood, all the confusion and general mismanagement and most of all the shadow of lingering atomic sickness. Even when things slowly begin to mend and two cherry trees come back to life in the blitzed area he finds little comfort in a pleasure-crazy city that returns to vice and frivolity, is controlled by bosses of the underworld and shows little regard for those unfortunates still suffering and scorned because of their wounds.

This study—really well translated—carries slender threads of narrative associated with three victims, one of whom is driven by nervous conflicts to commit a senseless murder, but essentially it is a piece of propaganda, thunder-voiced and inescapable.

— C. CONWAY PLUMBE

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Branwell Bronte. Winifred Gérin. *Nelson*, 35/-

Miss Gérin, who has already written a life of Anne Bronte, devotes herself almost with passion to describing the career of the unhappy Branwell. She traces the descent of the spoilt "Little King" of Haworth Parsonage to the sponger soaked in gin and opium who died there at the age of thirty. Failure as an art student was followed by failure as a poet, and his real gift for orgiastic evenings with boon companions undermined his health. Finally his sister Anne introduced him as tutor into the family where she was governess and he fell madly in love with Mrs. Robinson, his pupil's mother. Miss Gérin finds it hard to excuse Mrs. Robinson, who certainly gave Branwell the impression that she would marry him after her

husband's expected death. Before this event however Branwell was sacked and bad-penned back to Haworth, where Mrs. Robinson conveyed payments to him which look remarkably like blackmail. Total disintegration set in when he realised that he had been jilted, and under the disillusioned eyes of Charlotte, once his closest collaborator, he sank into a drunkard's grave. It is surprising to find the conscientious Miss Gérin unaware that "perry" is cider made from the juice of pears. — VIOLET POWELL

SPACE TIME

Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin. Wilfred Burchett and Anthony Purdy. *Panther Books*, 3/6

You have to hand it to Panther Books for getting their tribute to Major Gagarin out so quickly. It is true that it is very much a scissors-and-paste job; there is some hitherto unpublished information in it, but nothing to arouse

NEW NOVELS

The Christening Party. Francis Steegmuller. *Hart-Davis*, 16/-

The Middlemen. Christine Brooke-Rose. *Secker and Warburg*, 16/-

The Angry Silence. John Burke. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 15/-

Some Angry Angel. Richard Condon. *Michael Joseph*, 21/-

The Christening Party is much more attractive than any possible recounting of the plot would make it sound. I enjoyed it. A small boy describes his sister's christening. He gossips about the family jokes and scandals until the day ends with the violent appearance in the family circle of a legendary kinsman from Out West. The history of this part of Long Island Sound is sketched in with a leisurely pen and there is some quiet comedy about the relations of Catholics and Protestants in a wide-ranging American family. A number of small touches gradually build up a feeling of the tensions and complexities of American society, all reflected in a lustrous and placid conversation piece.

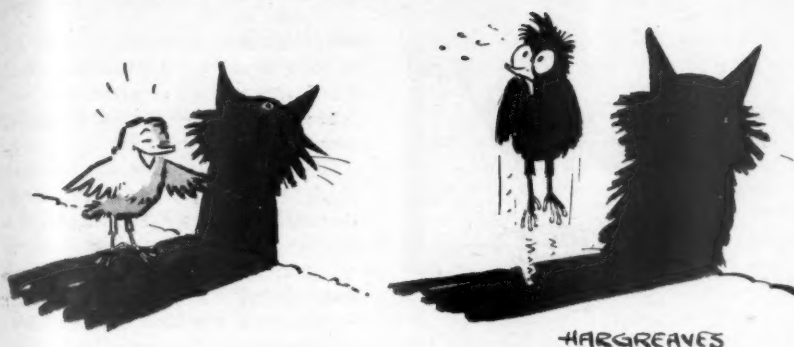
The Middlemen is a ramshackle satirical novel about public relations people and television people and newspaper people. It incorporates a study of a shallow, egotistic, globe-trotting woman and pages of detailed, furious description of the

incompetence and maliciousness of estate agents, building societies and, at any rate when dealing with getting a home to live in, solicitors. It is a little like early Rose Macaulay and is fun, if rather slapdash fun. There are some amusing party scenes and the infuriated gusto keeps the bundle of themes in movement. As a study of middlemen, although the various characters are probably intended between them to cover the field, it is not particularly profound; but, if it lacks the intellectual elegance of some of Miss Brooke-Rose's previous work, it has plenty of life. The fashionably "sick" ending does not make the earlier healthy gaiety retrospectively doom-laden.

The Angry Silence is a straightforward transcription of the film, which turns into a novel without strain. It is interesting to see how the absence of the film's visual inventiveness makes the story seem the thinnest of anti-Communist tracts. The soccer-playing husband who refuses to obey the orders of the Works Committee to come out on unofficial strike and thereby hold up a defence contract is, no doubt, a worthy character, but he seems a cardboard one. One is sorry that anyone so gregarious

should be sent to Coventry but even the Italian wife and the baby on the way do not give him tragic dimensions. The final scene in which the weak, amiable friend is made to revolt against his sheeplike support of the majority by the hero's beating up and leads his fellow-workers back is rather a wish-fulfilment ending. The film gained enormously from showing the bored faces voting "yes" in the canteen meeting, whereas in the novel the emphasis is far more on the unearthly skill of the Communists and the way they manage to bring the men out is rather skated over.

Some Angry Angel is yet another decline and fall of an expense-account New Yorker. This time the heel becomes a social columnist, drinks and ends up as an embittered advice-columnist. Everything is piled on too heavily. The weakness in the man and the system are hammered home. Many of the episodes are vivid and interesting but the final effect is the author's yawn of repulsion. He makes it far harder for himself to retain the reader's attention by inserting slabs of poetic prose, or even rhyming prose, sometimes in italic and sometimes in staring black type. These are so pretentious that at first I thought they were meant to be funny. The ingenious writer of *The Manchurian Candidate* is off form. — R. G. G. PRICE



any excitement in the conclaves of the British Interplanetary Society. Indeed the authors seem to have found it hard to find enough material to fill the book, and are reduced (to take a charitable view) to publishing photographs and biographical sketches of themselves. All the same, there must be plenty of unscientifically-minded folk who will be glad of this timely souvenir of a brave little man. No doubt Messrs. Burchett and Purdy are working on Comrade Titov now.

— B. A. YOUNG

INTELLECTUAL THESPIAN

The Theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault. Jean-Louis Barrault. *Barrie and Rockliff*, 25/-

M. Barrault, who is now established with his company at the Odéon, the second State playhouse in Paris, has proved himself since the war to be France's most exciting and imaginative director, and in the very top flight of her actors. His earlier *Reflections on the Theatre* was a book of great interest; in this latest volume, translated by Joseph Chiari, he draws on his richer experience to comment on the lessons he has learned with his company, on methods of acting, on various classic playwrights and, in a long and absorbing chapter, on his association with Claudel, which led to some notable productions and to a deep friendship. He includes the text of the splendid and moving oration, of which few actors would have been capable, at Claudel's funeral.

M. Barrault is that rarity in the theatre, an intellectual with a profound sense of dedication to his art and at the same time a thoroughly practical producer. His genuine modesty shines through criticism which is always perceptive and intelligent.

— ERIC KEOWN

THE WHISTON BOYS

The Whiston Matter. Ralph Arnold. *Hart-Davis*, 21/-

Here is a fascinating account of one of the clerical scandals Trollope had in mind when he wrote *The Warden*. Whiston was Headmaster of the Cathedral School at Rochester and fought the Dean and Chapter, who were paying the same amount to the scholars as their predecessors had paid in the sixteenth

century while pocketing the increase in revenues for themselves. This fiery and indefatigable litigant and pamphleteer aroused a national crusade against the misuse of cathedral funds and the widespread neglect of cathedral statutes. The Chapter kept trying to dismiss him but always made some mistake in law.

Mr. Arnold makes his contribution to ecclesiastical and legal history lightly but not facetiously. It is sad that the resourceful and public-spirited agitator declined into a quarrelsome dotard. How much we owe to the cross-grained and the litigious! Whiston's drilled and bruised scholars must sometimes have wished for a teacher with more relaxed standards; but they and every other pupil of a Cathedral School since his time are his debtors.

— LEWIS BATES

CREDIT BALANCE

James Agate. Edited by Herbert van Thal. *Hart-Davis*, 21/- . An anthology of the best of Agate from Irving in 1907 to Richardson in 1946, that still dazzles.

Anyone would have been glad to have written his obituary of Marie Lloyd or his brilliant piece suggesting that Ernest Hemingway was a woman. Alan Dent contributes a sympathetic preface.

Odams Pictorial Guide to Fishing. Jerome Nadaud. *Odams*, 12/6. Simply written, colourfully illustrated, this strides rapidly through fish-lore from the shrimp to the manta ray. It isn't meant as an exhaustive textbook, but it should greatly whet the appetite of youngsters for fishing.



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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)



"Latin, first; English, first; History, first. Know what you're in danger of? You're going to end up as a teacher."



Man With Germ

MY HUSBAND, whom I swore to love and cherish in sickness and in health, lies in bed. His frail fifteen stone is wracked with a sepulchral cough, and those dim eyes that can barely see the fingers on the church clock four miles away are turned piteously towards me, as he mutters hoarsely, "Whisky—"

I dose him with whisky in hot milk and ask, tenderly, if I should call the doctor, but he shakes his head hopelessly, indicating that he is past all human aid, and turns his face towards the wall.

I creep from the room and am halfway down the stairs, when the little voice from the sick-room booms out, asking in basso-profundo what the hell the dog is whimpering for, and where is the daily paper?

I ask solicitously if he would like me to pad the knocker and to spread straw on the pavement outside, but there is no reply, and I tip-toe out, and leave him alone with his paper, his germ and his matchless misery.

We go through this every year. For three hundred and sixty days he enjoys a health that is all too rude, for the remaining five he is the sickest man above ground. In his scheme of things, you are either vertical or horizontal; capable of unloading a ten-ton truck single-handed, or preparing to look your last on all things lovely. Each year, while he is in bed, determinedly plodding down the Valley of the Shadow, I ponder the differing mental attitudes of the male and the female. Whereas we poor fools delude ourselves that we are indispensable, and stupidly subscribe to the creed that the Show Must Go On, our husbands *know* that they are

indispensable, and couldn't care less about the show, provided *they* go on. Germ for germ, there is probably little to choose between our illnesses. It is all in the mind. We think that we have a feverish cold and with an effort can carry on; our husband is convinced that he has a mortal complaint that he must fight to the last gasp of our breath.

We should wake up! There is a lesson in this for us!

The next time your mighty oak is felled, observe his behaviour, and, in like circumstance, pattern your own upon it.

No more keeping on keeping on, when your bones are aching and your knees buckling—bed and total surrender are the things for you. Forget the chaos in the kitchen and the buttonless

shirt and concentrate on the fact that you are ill and the world has stopped. This needs an iron constitution.

If you can survive the first day in bed there is hope for you. By the time the family has erupted into the bedroom, singly, in groups, and in a body, demanding to know WHERE—HOW—and why the devil must you hide my trousers; by the time you have forced down the tepid tea and the soggy toast; by the time you have listened to the raised voices in the kitchen and smelled the charring saucepan, you will be a prey to screaming hysteria—but if you once struggle from your bed, saying wildly, "All right! All right! I'll see to it!", he has you on the hip.

In this house, for the next four days, Florence is going to be my middle name. Then, when Lazarus is functional once more, I shall give it two days and my plan of campaign is set. The order for the whisky will be in and my bed prepared. The bout of 'flu that awaits me is going to be the biggest thing this side of a Goldwyn spectacle. No tiny hand will ever have been as frozen as mine; no other weary heart will have known such anguish; and when you get *your* 'flu, be sure to do the same. You won't find it difficult, it's not as though it's an original production; the show can be the same, it is just the casting that will be different. Nothing less than a flawless performance can be expected of you, for, to use the words of Henry James, "We have been taught by masters!"

—BRENDA LITTLE

Betrayal

I WAS home again in Ahrensburg. For months I had dreamed of that moment of triumph at my parents' table. It was as I had planned: my father and mother; my sisters, Hilde and Karin; my intellectual uncle who had always regarded me with great condescension; and Patrick and his wife, with whom I would converse fluently in English, while my family (German speaking only) listened open-mouthed with admiration at the linguistic prowess of their daughter.

I paused for a moment to consider my opening remark, and in that pause I was once again on the platform in Hamburg

Hauptbahnhof, a year earlier. Two minutes before departure my mother was still begging me to explain clearly why I wanted to go to England, and my dear father was warning me once more: "Be careful and prudent. Study the house, and if you do not like the look of it, proceed to the next policeman." From time to time they interrupted their good-byes to blame each other for the folly of allowing their oldest, but still hopelessly incapable, child to leave home for a whole year. Before I could explain that I felt entitled to a year's rest after over-exposure to the drastic discipline and exhausting curriculum of

the Holstein educational system, whistles blew and there was time only for the salty kisses of family leave-taking. United for a moment in tears, my parents waved good-bye.

In my year in England, I learned many things: that a baby can cry for twenty-three hours a day; that some people should not try to be servants; that other people should not have servants; that I was totally unprepared for the task of earning a living; that the kind and tolerant English police will drive stranded foreigners home free of charge after the last bus has gone.

I also learned to speak English with an Irish accent.

I met Patrick and Jean on the night boat from Belfast, where I had held a post for three weeks. In the misery of seasickness, I addressed the large dog which was huddling beside me in the shelter of a lifeboat and we were soon clinging to each other for comfort. I was wiping its rheumy eyes with a tissue when Patrick and his wife came to claim it. When I remarked that the great slobbering creature seemed to respond to endearments in German, they explained that it was a German gun-dog, and understood the language fluently.

About dawn, Patrick and Jean offered me a job, which I did not accept, as they seemed rather nice. We lived in the same town, however, and I visited them often, learning much, including the expression "— me!" which caused me to change my posts as children's help, twice and quickly, before I realised what it meant.

After one year and many posts, I returned to Ahrensburg, accompanied by Patrick and Jean. I warned them that my father does not trust banks and spends all his money on furniture, provided that it has not been made this century, so that when his three children marry they will be able to furnish their homes without worry. Forewarned, they admired the cellar and rooms filled with the teak and mahogany test pieces of nineteenth-century apprentices, and endured the almost simultaneous striking of four grandfather clocks without alarm. They even complimented Father on his shocking taste, in German marred only by the English 'r', which was so difficult to master when they first came from Ireland that they are reluctant to give it up. No English was

spoken; that was being saved for the table where I was to dominate the conversation, dazzling my elders and, in particular, confounding my uncle, whose weekly Deutschmark-free letters had advised me to come home, as he considered a year away from formal study to be a year wasted.

As the drumming of fingers and fiddling with cutlery indicated the impatience of my audience, I came out of my dream and said: "Tell me, Patrick, what are your first impressions of Ahrensburg?"

Patrick looked a little embarrassed and frowned in the manner of one who had not quite understood. I repeated the question with the greatest clarity of diction.

My family waited politely for his reply. Politely, too, Patrick raised his eyebrows at his wife, and then that pair of heartless jokers exchanged shrugs of perplexity before Patrick said, in his kindest voice:

"Ich verstehe nicht. Sprechen Sie, bitte, in Deutsch!"

Afterwards, of course, Patrick and Jean relented, and we talked in English, but as everyone knows, the Germans do not have a sense of humour, and my father was not convinced. The suspicion that the visitors were covering up for me marked his countenance for a week, and now I am in England for another year—just in case.

— GUDRUN JUTTA

Holiday

WHEN the girls go down to the sea,
Package advice goes with 'em,
The advertisers' plea
In unaesthetic rhythm;
"Drip-dry, no-crease, pack-small."

When the girls arrive at the sea—
Bland, horizontal blue—
From cares they are not free;
They must wash their garments
through.
Drip-dry, no-crease, pack-small.

There is little to unpack—
Just an extra tubular dress
And the portable drip-dry rack,
Sine qua non of success—
Merely unfold and install.

Next day she'll dazzle the eye
In the selfsame pastel sheath.
It dripped, but not quite dry
And the hem is still damp beneath.
Drip-dry, no-crease, pack-small.

Envy the bulging bags
That clutter the hotel lift,
Stuffed with the creased glad rags
Of people content to drift.
They will not wash them at all.

— ANN CHESNEY



"Two dainty teas and one grotesque one, please."



TOBY COMPETITIONS

No. 181—Now Read On

THESE three personal advertisements were taken from one day's recent issue of *The Times*:

A MOHAMEDAN GOLD CIGARETTE CASE for disposal, presented to owner's father by Sultan of Turkey, Mohamed V, at Dolma Bagetche Palace.

CR I DE COEUR.—Master, recovering from long illness, sorely needs £500 loan enable resume teaching.

YOUNG Secretary bored with ups and downs of life in a Stately Home would like change of position with possible opportunities to travel.

Write a synopsis for a novel, film, play or news story that links the three announcements. Limit 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, September 6.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 181, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 178

(Let Punishment Fit Crime)

The punishment to be inflicted on parents by children for alleged offences against them was the subject. Most of the punishments were macabre or embarrassing. The level was not high enough to justify a wide selection.

The winner is:

MARGARET BALL

"HYDON"

2A CYPRUS ROAD

EXMOUTH

DEVON

8.5 I am in bed at last after using "go-slow" tactics. Mother has missed the first five minutes of a good TV play.

8.10 "Mummy, may I have a drink?" (Drink brought impatiently).

8.20 "Mummy, I'm hot and I can't sleep."

(Junior aspirin brought resignedly).

8.30 "Mummy, I feel sick. Can I come down with you?"

(Mother comes and sits by bed).

8.40 (Innocently)

"Mummy what about the play?"

Mother—(sighing)

"I don't think I'll bother to see the rest of it."

Serves her right for dragging me away from "Boots and Saddles" to go shopping.

Following are such few runners-up as qualified:

My mummy makes me eat up all my crusts. She says they will make my hair curl. *She* doesn't eat crusts. *She* doesn't

eat any bread at all. She says it's because of "slimming" but I think it's just that *she* doesn't like bread very much either. Perhaps that's why *her* hair is so short and straight. Perhaps if she goes on not eating bread it will all fall out. I wish it would. Then she'd know what happens to people who tell such dreadful lies.

D. A. Hughes, 123 Harlescott Lane, Shrewsbury, Salop

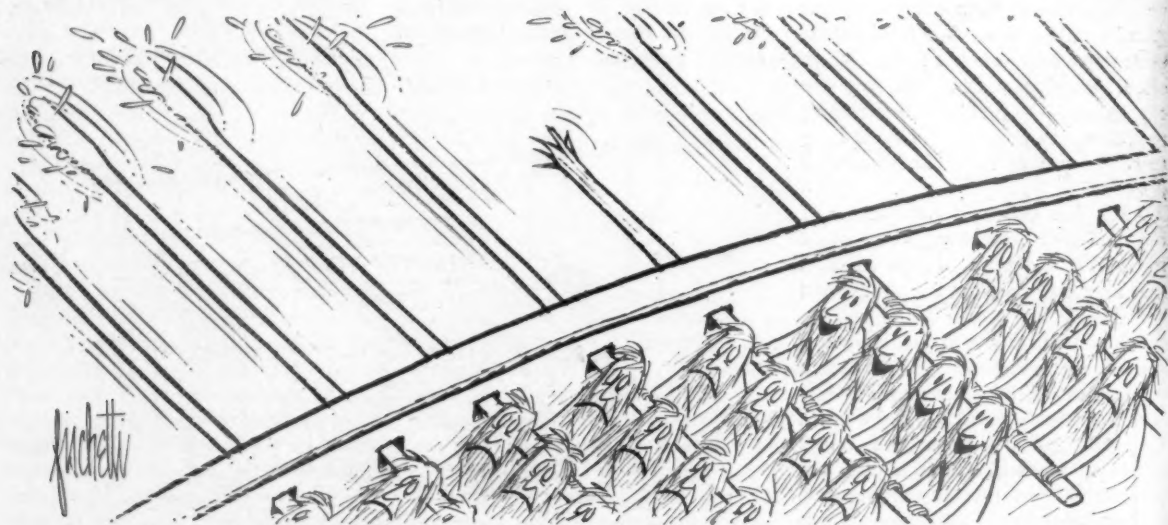
Last night I called and called but Daddy wouldn't come. All I wanted was a drink of water.

People are coming to-night for cocktails so when Mummy was busy in the kitchen making bits and pieces I crept into the lounge and locked the cupboard where Daddy keeps what Mummy calls his booze. They'll look awful silly when the people arrive and they still haven't found the key. Daddy says you should let sleeping dogs lie so when he comes up I'll pretend to be asleep, then he'll never find the key because I'm lying on it.

R. E. Ansell, 22 Sharmans Cross Road, Solihull, Warwickshire

When she was spring cleaning Mummy threw away my box of butterflies. She said they were nasty, smelly, mouldy old things. So I caught some nice big fat moths last night and put them in her fur coat in the wardrobe.

J. R. H. Hall, "Tigh-an-Truain," Port Ellen, Isle of Islay, Argyll



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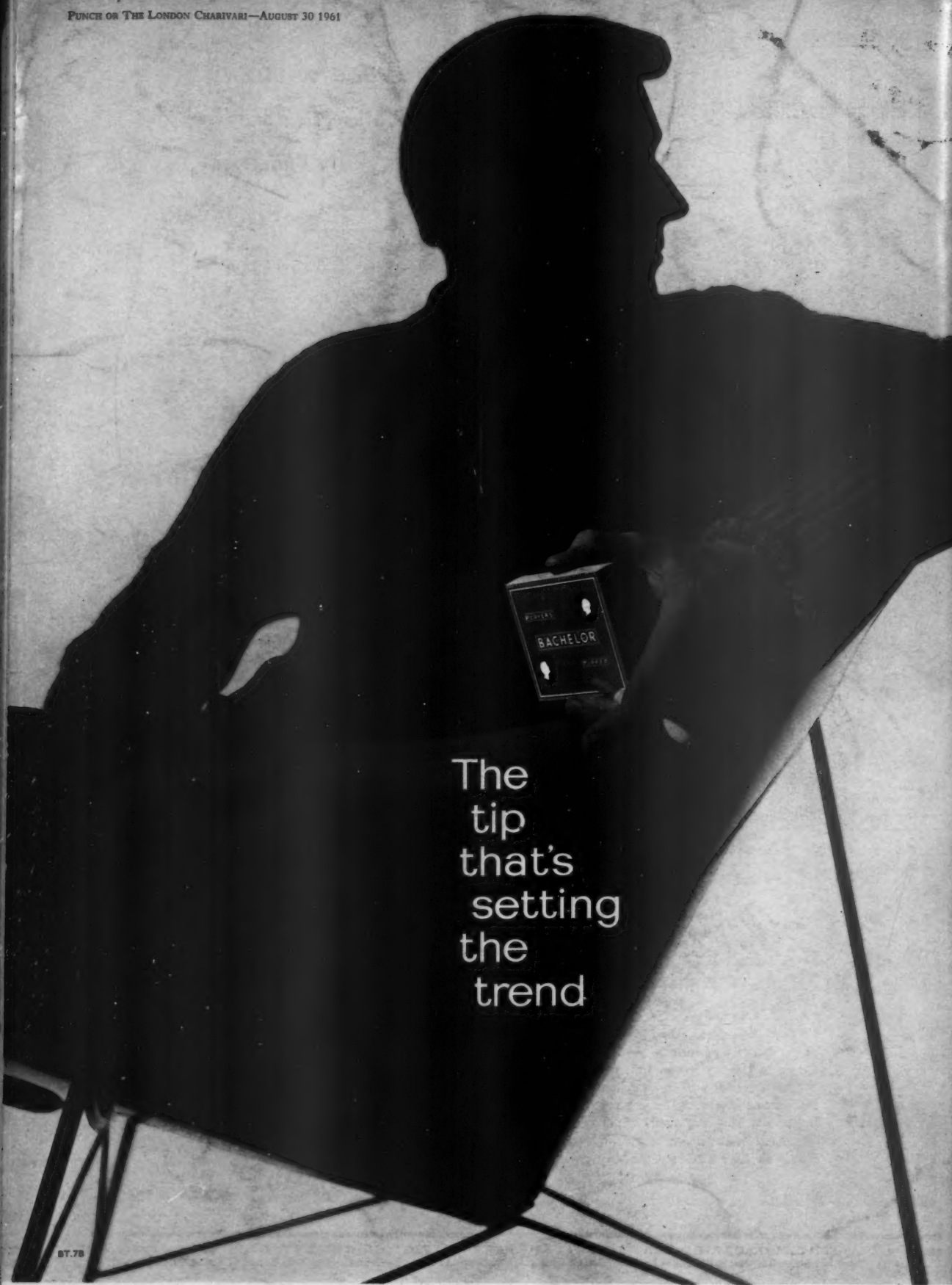
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